

# SAINT GEORGE

SAINT GEORGE WAS FOUNDED IN 1882 AS THE JOURNAL OF THE RUSKIN SOCIETY OF BIRMINGHAM; IN 1881 THE JOURNAL OF THE RUSKIN UNION, LONDON, WAS INCORPORATED WITH IT, AND IT NOW APPEARS AS THE AMALGAMATED JOURNAL OF THESE SOCIETIES.

NO. 14, VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1901.

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PUBLISHED QUARTERLY. PRICE ONE SHILLING NET.

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EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHING OFFICE:

ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, BOURNVILLE, BIRMINGHAM.

LONDON:

GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHANCERY CROSS ROAD, W.C.

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No. 14. Vol. IV.

April, 1901.

## RUSKIN AT THE SORBONNE.

**I**T was quite a notable event in the history of Ruskin study in France when M. Jacques Bardoux offered as his thesis at the Sorbonne a general survey of Ruskin's works. The newspaper and review notices, too, were interesting, as showing very various degrees of understanding and appreciation. The most thoughtful and valuable of these, so far as we have seen, is from the pen of M. Gaston Rouvier, and appeared in *Le Temps* on January 11. After lamenting that Ruskin should not be better and more fully known, and welcoming the thesis, M. Rouvier gives a short account of M. Bardoux, in which he omits, however, to recall his stay at Oxford, and the amusing booklet he wrote about it. Then he proceeds to give the following summary, for the account of which we are indebted to Mr. J. A. Dale, of Merton College, Oxford. We shall not, of course, be understood to endorse absolutely M. Rouvier's judgment: we may perhaps at some future time devote a separate notice to M. Bardoux's book. M. Rouvier says:—

“Let us turn to John Ruskin. The meed of honour he had earned was not paid in full yesterday. Man has no unity except in space: he has none in time! Every moment we die and are born again. And it is not only our body that is re-created, but our soul to-day is never what it was yesterday. Ruskin's mind was essentially mobile, ever changing, ever fresh. It was in the course of time attracted by different luminous points, of which two at least have been strong to kindle and constrain: beauty in

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personal life, harmony in social life. M. Bardoux, struck with this duality, has enlarged upon it in his book. Although it was brought against him as a reproach, we believe that he is quite right in resolutely maintaining the distinction between the two poles of Ruskin's thought, art and political economy. Of course, it is obvious that his transition from the one to the other was not aimless, for man is incapable of acting without a motive. But to find that motive is another thing. Did Ruskin arrive at his social pre-occupation as a kind of sequel and climax of his artistic thought? Or are they parallel developments of a primary theory—the return to Nature? The discussion which arose on this point between Professors Séailles and M. Bardoux was too much like special pleading, and somewhat futile. The important point to recognise is, that we have both a Ruskin who is an art critic and a Ruskin who is a social reformer.

“Now the Professors at the Sorbonne practically confined themselves to the former. They praised or criticised his theory of beauty (which is, no doubt, in France the best known of his theories, owing to the work of M. de la Sizeranne): they said nothing of his economic theories. And that is why we say that they paid him not half his meed of honour.

“For Ruskin (and here M. Bardoux will be our chief guide) was before all things what we call a ‘a social man.’ He had the very genius of human pity. Like the great novelist Dickens, he yearned with open heart over humanity: he heard its cry and turned upon its masters.”

And then M. Rouvier gives a series of well-chosen extracts showing Ruskin's growing conviction of the fundamentalness of his social theories: words which he says “are strange and wonderful in the mouth of one too long called an art critic.” After an account of Ruskin's share in the Working Men's College and the growth of his political economy, M. Rouvier proceeds:—

“In 1860 Ruskin's thought became so violent that the publication of his articles in two of the leading Reviews had to be

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stopped, in face of the indignation of the subscribers. Then, after the Paris Commune, he begins the publication of his famous monthly pamphlet *Fors Clavigera*. In it he declares war against the capitalists. He affirms, in fact, that the capitalist class is composed of *bourgeois* rogues, who find in money-spinning, playing, or drinking, the be-all of life: literary men ready to say anything for hire, philosophers who say whatever comes into their head, and nobles who say nothing at all. And for a climax, he is surprised that the gods in the gallery do not come down and storm the stalls.

"Such is the Ruskin of whom we heard so much yesterday at the Sorbonne. No doubt it was an interesting discussion as to whether for him beauty had an objective value or not. And the English visitors must have been disappointed to hear that Ruskin's architectural ideas were by no means original, as they had been anticipated in France. No doubt Ruskin's artistic theories had for himself, especially in the earlier part of his career, a supreme importance, and it is certain that to them is due his enormous popularity in England. As a matter of fact, in Ruskin's inmost mind they are not distinguished from his social theories, for the Good and the Beautiful were for him the two aspects of the Divine. But it is no less certain that his chief claim to our praise was that he did not stay his life out in the barred granary of the metaphysician, but came down to mingle with men."

## ILLUSION OR VISION?\*

By the Rev. Canon John H. Skrine, M.A., Warden of Genalmond.

**T**O challenge a paradox is no longer a safe exploit. This is not because the pains and penalties of dissent from established wisdom have been re-enacted, but, on the contrary, because Paradox enjoys so much impunity. Paradox has in consequence become a mode, and an affected mode, of clever people; and the rest of us, who wish to be thought serious, have to avoid it, just as the man of business has to conceal from the market that at home he writes poetry. So it is necessary to deprecate the suspicion of levity before my present attempt is named. It is an attempt to show that a certain approved generalisation about human nature is not so correct as the warrant of a millenium or so ought to make it. The generalisation meant is one that underlies the trite formula "Life's Illusions," a formula which if drawn out asserts that men in the conduct of their existence are governed by conceptions of the present and expectations of the future which are not true, and which, both for mischief and for good, make humanity their sport. My proposal is that we dispute this commonplace, and enquire what the thing named Illusion really is as a fact in nature; whether it deserves the rather bad name given it, and what our attitude towards it ought to be as the practical people we all are.

That Illusion is a fact in nature no one will ask us to prove. That assertion has passed into the stage of proverb, and must be well on the way to that of axiom. When we warn our young people (as however we ought not) against being victimised by youth's illusions, we have no sort of fear that by the time we are grandfathers they will convict us of having talked of things which did not exist; we know perfectly that they will then be handing

\* A Lecture delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, 15th January, 1901.

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on to young people of their own the same barren information. The fact is not in dispute; the cause of it still is.

A cause rendered on some hands is one to pass by with pitying brevity. The cynical world has said in its haste, "All things are liars, and all men are fools, at least all young ones." Wiser people, or people more at leisure, have discerned that if in youthful illusion there is a lie, it is like the fiction in the Platonic state, a wholesome lie, deceiving us for our good. We here shall look tolerantly on that theory of Illusion which sees in it a beneficent bit of mechanism devised by the Power behind nature as a spring to move human action. When it is pointed out to us how unliveable life would be if it were not for its illusions, how youth would decline to start on its journey if the road did not wear in the morning an allurements which falls away at noon, how industry would not dig its field and win a harvest except for the beguilement of a buried treasure which is not there after all, nor moral ambition pursue the divine Gleam if it knew that the rainbow cannot be reached, and when reached has no rainbow-gold at the root of it; how Kings and Judges and even Mayors effect our civil peace and order very much by the glamour of their robes, and the soldier achieves his country's good at the cannon's mouth while he is seeking the reputation which some have called a "bubble,"—when this is pointed out to us we assent, but we are not satisfied. First the theory is mechanical, and one does not any longer explain the universe by mechanism. And secondly the theory of a trap, however beneficent the capture may be, seems as undignified for the Providence which sets the snare as it is an indignity to the prey. However, this conception of a providential machinery has already been bettered. A subtler view has called upon us to discriminate between Illusion and another principle which the dictionaries confound with it, Delusion. There is, it is urged, no lie in the case, whether a beneficent lie or no. Men are acted on by appearances of which the underlying realities are not indeed quite as they appear, but yet are real. To take a physical illustration (and if the illustration chosen has

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been worn bald by service, let it be forgiven; it is really hard to improve on it),—one traveller marches thirsting over sands towards a shimmering lake which dries up and proves a mirage; he has been under Delusion. Another steers for a mountain which in a rarified air across a monotonous foreground he takes for a three hours' journey, and he reaches it, but only at nightfall; his was only an Illusion.

Then if we must choose an example from history let it be the national legend of the long vanished King who is waiting in a magic cavern, with the red beard grown to his feet till the hour strikes to rise and reunite his kingdom. A fairy-tale! What nation would cherish it except the dreamy Fatherland by the Rhine? Yet Barbarossa did come again, and the fragments of a great people did gather together bone to his bone, and the dream of German unity was an illusion, but not a deceit. It would be a less grateful task to illustrate the other side of the contrast, and cite the case of a people haunted by a national hope, which could neither fulfil itself nor meanwhile suffer to be fulfilled a good which is practicable. Teuton Barbarossa comes again in history, Celtic Arthur does not. There, we say, is Delusion—it is no mere mistake of perspective, no illusion of distance; the goal will never be reached, because the goal is nowhere. Without further hunting for examples it will be agreed that the distinction of Illusion and Delusion is a valid one, and likely to be fruitful in practice. But still we are not, I am sure, content. We have gained this much, that Illusion's credit for truthfulness has been saved. It is a mode by which realities are conveyed to the mind, though by way of refraction and through a tinted transparency. But why this roundabout in the communication, why this alien colouring on the way? The principle of Illusion is no longer a trick, but it remains a freak. Nature seems at play with us still, rendering us a serious service, but in a way which has the look of a fancy or a frolic; treating us, in fact, much as we treat our own pets when we make our canary draw up his water for himself, or our terrier illustrate

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in dumb show the difference of cash and credit before he swallows the biscuit. We are still humiliated in receiving benefits through the ceremony of a freak of nature. Must we accept the humiliation? My hope is to show that there is no more of playfulness than of deceit in this provision of Nature for our good. All is serious, regular, necessary, and business-like. The principle of human existence, which to the unjust prejudice of its character we have misnamed Illusion, will prove on examination to be a special process of what metaphysicians call Experience, one of the ways in which the human subject feels and knows the world about him. Nay, let us give it its full name: if this Experience, which philosophers exhaust such pains in defining, be, as I wholly credit some of them, a mode of a thing which no pains have as yet defined with any prosperity, and which in despair of a better we call by its old name of Life, then Illusion will come to be described as a function, a normal and necessary function, of the energy by which we live and move and have our being. Illusion as a detail of experience, illusion as a law of vitality, is the formula I seek to make good by our enquiry.

A momentary reference has been made to metaphysics, and it is hardly safe to make such a reference without a hasty apology. If we have outlived the days when a Prince Consort at the board of the Exhibition Committee, on suggesting that work should begin by the Board settling their "principles," was cast in a "great funk" (that was the royal word) by the British statesman, who hoped that "we shall not have any German metaphysics here, your Royal Highness," still, here to-night, you may demur to their introduction by a lecturer whose own metaphysics are perhaps not even good enough for Germany. In spite however of the reproach into which metaphysicians have fallen (a most unreasonable reproach, when one observes how every man becomes his own metaphysician as soon as ever things are serious, and his own whence, and what, and whither in this universe begin to matter to him), we have to use their services in a task to which we are ourselves unequal;



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even if, as the Egyptians did with the embalmers of their dead, we abuse and stone them for their work as well as pay them the fee. Accordingly I wish to borrow from the professors of this distressful trade some equipment for the present enquiry; to ask them, that is, to tell us shortly and plainly what experience is, and, if they can, also what Life is, in order that we may compare with them this principle of Illusion, and see whether it is or is not a mode of Experience, and a particular function of Life.

What is Experience, or, how do we come to know things? This is a main question for the metaphysicians, and, like all other doctors, they differ. We laymen have to decide which of many shall be our own doctor, and perhaps we have a sense given us by which to do so. My own deference for what is standard and authenticated by our leading journal, has led me to seek my doctor behind the door of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. I have come away armed with the expert opinion that whatever that ancient pair, Subject and Object, may be in their individual capacity (a capacity however which probably is denied them), they have one with the other a relation of interchange, and this interchange is the fact of Experience or Knowing. Then it is further pointed out to me that this same interchange is not what I, in my archaic way, would have called an intellectual process. No, it is a process in which with intelligence there are also emotion and desire. It is with the feast of knowledge as it is with other cases of nutrition. We cannot absorb everything before us, and we select accordingly those nutriments which we like best. Since, then, the total universe is too vast a meal for the heartiest Ego; in closer phrase, since we cannot notice and know all the facts of this manifold world which meets our senses, but only some of them, we have to make a choice, and we select for notice those things which interest, that is, which we like or dislike. Thus each of us makes for himself by selection—and choice of course implies emotion and desire—an environment of his own; and this is the world which he knows and deals with, all the rest of the universe being left on one side. Experience

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then is this interchange between the Self and the Not Self, and it involves not only an active intelligence which notes and attends to things, but also a feeling which likes and dislikes, and desires or avoids accordingly.

From this analysis I gain two things which help me in the present enquiry. First, that Experience is a function not of one power only, the intelligence, but of intelligence, emotion, and will, all together; that, in short, the act of knowing is done, as Plato would have put it, with the whole soul and not one part of it. Secondly, I find Experience to be another name for the thing always with us, and never understood, but called Life (which, curiously, is just what all our boys would tell us at the enquiring age of nineteen, at which to "see life" and to "gain experience" are convertible terms); for though we have no formula for that supreme fact which is an adequate measure of it, still when our generation tries to formulate, it has to say that Life is an interchange, a correspondence or mutual adjustment between the organism and its environment. A formula which fairly contents both the scientist who pities the futility of the metaphysician, and the metaphysician who exposes the shallowness of the scientist in thinking to explain things without him, is probably good enough for us. And if you think so, then our enquiry is equipped, and we proceed by studying Illusion, to see whether it be not so like to Experience and Life as to be safely identified with them.

Illusion, however, can be studied only by help of illusions. We need a few concrete examples, as various as may be. Suppose we choose one from history, and two of a domestic kind, but from well contrasted orders of fact. They shall all be taken from the lives of young people, not, however, because illusions must be youthful, but because in the case of the young there is time to test an illusion, and see whether it proves on trial to be a valid form of experience and a real function of life. So let the one of our domestic examples be a boy's craze for a life at sea, and the other be his brother's hero-worship; while from history we cannot,

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I think, do better than take the story of a girl, which I must judge to be the crucial instance of my theory, the story of the Maid who saw the faces of the saints, and heard their voices, and delivered her native France from England, and perished through the two of them by fire.

First, then, the boy who goes to sea. Why does he go? Because he thinks that a life on the ocean wave is a happy one. Now it is the common consent that this idea of his is an illusion; why else has it become a proverb that for the Navy we must catch them young? But let us consider the stuff of which the boy's sea-dream is made. There is freedom from the rule of mother or schoolmaster at least; novelty, for he may go round the world; the charm of immediate Nature, always the face of the deep, the embrace of the air; the delight of battle, for which there is no need to wait till the country is at war, when there is the wrestle any day with wind and wave and current; the poetry of water, which no one has quite analysed as yet, and in particular the romance of the shipman's life "of the old sea some reverential fear" which yet is fascination too. Here are the elements of our sea-boy's illusion. Now am I to agree with those who catch them young that this illusion is a trick, Providentially arranged, for the due maintenance of the British Navy, and that the youngster discovers too late that going down to the sea in ships means also salt junk and ship biscuit and the rope's end, or in modern days the tedium of night-watches, the changeless changefulness of the water, the dreariness of gunboat life under a churlish captain, the diving-bell existence below the sunk decks of a torpedo craft? What, am I to believe that this audacious and monstrous trick would succeed and go on succeeding and never be found out; that the old false story of the joys of sea-living could with unfailing acceptance be told not only to the more confiding branch of Her Majesty's marine forces, but to all divisions of the Royal or the Merchant navy; that our boys would still crowd the examination room for admission to the *Britannia*, in

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spite of what their old sea-dog uncles could tell them of the service? Such a conspiracy of silence is too gigantic for credence, and you will see that there is room for an explanation from my side. That explanation will be that the illusion is no trick, but a true act of knowledge, an experience of fact. My metaphysical adviser would assure his client that what happens to the boy is the ordinary case of subjective selection of an environment. Out of that manifold object, the Universe in which he finds himself, this subject, our youngster, has chosen to attend to certain facts which interested him, those which gave him pleasure, as the taste of the salt breeze, or which gave him pain, as the grammar lessons on shore. But why has he thus selected? Because of vital facts within himself; because his limbs are nimble and apt for climbing masts; because his blood is a fluid which does not curdle in danger, but runs freer; because there is a spark of curiosity in his bosom which the wide world of strange men and places is fuel to; because with him the better organs of knowledge are his quick hands and feet, not the stay-at-home brain; because to his palate adventure is a sweeter seasoning of existence than creature comforts are; and last, though only sometimes, because, in that dogged little tyke, Nature, when she built him, stowed silently one divine particle which some day will achieve Trafalgar. All the elements, then, of the sea-dream which decoyed him were vital facts of his nature externalised. The illusion was a discovery of himself, and (which is almost the same thing) a discovery of the world, his world. What name shall we give to this if not Experience? Nor can we hesitate to give it the deeper name, and say it is the function of Life, that mutuality of organism and environment. No other description is possible of the psychical process which joins together in a bridal our youngster's seapassion and his mistress the sea.

And the hero-worshipper, what of him? I still recall a boy's puzzlement over a severe paragraph on the evil of hero-worship, in a book I can no longer name, but which must have been written

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by that epitaphist, who praised a deceased bishop as "the constant foe of all enthusiasms." Well, the hero-worshipper is perhaps an idolater (which was the writer's contention), if it proves him so that now and then he becomes an idol-breaker. But what is our own observation of these young people? Is it so unfavourable that those of us who have sons and daughters feel it wise to make them read someone's homiletic paragraph on these mistakes of the heart? Not we. It is an ailment which we leave severely alone. Mr. or Dr. or Colonel or Admiral Marvel, or whatever be the style or sex, is not in our eyes what he is to our girl's or boy's, but we are not afraid that he will do the child any harm; while some of us hold the opinion that our James' divulged intention of being a great jurist or engineer, like Uncle William, is the very soundest reason for sending James to the Inns of Court or to the shipyard. Perhaps young James will not thrive there quite so greatly as old William did, but nowhere else will he thrive so well. For the hero whom James has discovered is James himself, enlarged no doubt by refraction through the vaster personality of Uncle William, and liable to reductions on the original estimates, but not in outline incorrect. Here again we find an illusion to be a self-discovery and a vitaliser of existence.

We come to what I called our crucial case, the historic instance, the illusions of the Maid of Domrémy. What shall we say to Joan's conferences with heavenly visitants, Michael, Catherine, Margaret, and perhaps Gabriel? How to deal with the words which relate that a figure like a man, but with wings, and having a crown on his head and the air of "un vrai prud'homme," told the girl of thirteen about "the sorrow that was in the realm of France," and then said, "Joan, you must go to the help of the King of France, and it is you who shall give him back his kingdom?" All the world will go with us to admit that the illusion was a helpful one. Joan without her visions would have been Joan without her victories. But nine-tenths of the world will say that, when she saw a saint or angel, there really was nothing to see.

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Other children in France have seen things not unlike. There is little Bernadette of Lourdes, four centuries later, to explain Joan of Domrémy. Or do we need any more explanation than one favoured by specialists in lunacy, undeterred by the record of the girl's unfailing saneness of mind and body, that her inspiration is only

The blot upon the brain  
That must show itself without?

Anyhow, no one surely will come on a lecturer's platform to maintain an objective existence of those whom the peasant girl heard talk with her. But if not, then here at least illusion is not an act of experience, is not a cognition of that which is.

I am not going to affirm or to deny the objective existence (if that is the proper phrase) of Michael and of Margaret, but that is because I do not feel sure that we know what Objects are. I travel by a different road, and ask myself what is knowledge or experience; and how do we know anything which we know? And then, as you remember, I answer that experience is not intelligence: it is just life; it is self-realisation and self-conservation, an operation of the will as well as the intelligence, by which the self puts itself into true relation with that which is not self, by which the individual organism adjusts itself to the universe. If that is true, then the visions of Joan are, in the most solid way, experience. For they were indisputably the means by which her personality achieved its true relation to the world, by which she realised and fulfilled herself. The visions gave her energy its aim; they bred and fed that energy; energy and vision remained to the end inseparable. We must think of her riding out of Vaucouleurs with four men to squire her, and old Captain Baudricourt throwing his "Go and let come what will," and a by-stander crying out "How dare you go?" and her answer "God clears the way: I was born for this." Or we must think of her in a lull of the foiled assault upon the English fort, when the commander would have called off in hopelessness, and she goes aside with her wound into a little cope of

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trees, to listen like David for "the sound of a going in the tree-tops," then comes back to plant her banner at the moat-edge and send her stormers up the wall "as if it had been a stair-case." Or under the wall of St. Pierre le Moutier, when every one had run back to shelter, and wounded D'Aulon had dragged himself on horse-back to force her to retire, "Come away, Joan, you are all alone"; and the girl lifts her helmet to say "I have fifty thousand with me still," till at her cry "To the bridge, every one to the bridge," the skulkers rushed again to her side and miraculously up and over the ramparts. And we must also follow her to prison and to death, must listen to her prophesying her doom and yet accepting it, must hear the word which came from the death-furnace round the stake, "My voices were true: they did not deceive me." Yes, it was the visions which foiled our English and delivered France. The whole mysterious career is but the body of flesh to which the vision was the breath of life. If then experience is life, the illusions which were Joan's daily visitors were of her experience the most essential, one might say the most substantial part. They made for life: you can have no better proof of reality. In things physical the proof that an organism is truly adjusted to its environment is its health and vigour; in things spiritual the proof of true relation to the facts of the universe must be the same energy and effectiveness. We point then to the richness of practical result, and here, we say, is the evidence that the illusion was knowledge, that the voices had not deceived her.

I am of course aware how an objector would seek to turn the flank of my contention from the reality of the visions. It would be by replying that I am mistaking effect for cause: the visions did not cause the work, they were only stimulated by it; the visionary element in the career was merely a by-product of the practical. This no doubt can be said. The best answer for one like myself will be that exactly the same can be said, and is said, as to the relation of spiritual and physical in existence at large. It is possible to argue that the spiritual is everywhere a by-product



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of the physical, that soul is a phosphorescence on the waves of matter, not a breath that blows them. That question of questions I am not called on to discuss at this moment: we are not on duty as metaphysicians, and it is quite fair to decline a combat of outposts of which the result, apart from the main battle, would have no value.

We hope then a fair case has been made out for describing Illusion as a form, not of error, but of knowledge. It is however the fortune of all wanderers in the region of philosophy, even if they stray only into the skirts of it, to be met on their return to the haunts of men by that inevitable person, so much spoilt of late by our deference, the Man in the Street. This personage behaves to the philosopher arriving from the wilds as if he, the Man in the Street, were a continental policeman staying a dairyman with his milk-cart on the way to the market: he bids the philosopher stand, and submit his cargo to the municipal testing instrument. "What is the good," he says "of telling me what all the world knows is wrong?" How about Ecclesiastes? Did Solomon know nothing when he said "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity"? He said what we all find to be correct: all *is* vanity. Every man of any sense finds that out: his illusions cheat and disappoint him. There is no good in bringing me fine reasons to prove how true illusions are, till you first show me why I am to disbelieve the common-sense of all mankind. What everybody thinks (here the man in the street plagiarises from Aristotle unawares) is not likely to be far wrong. Then how about Ecclesiastes?

It would be irrelevant to cheapen the authority of this challenge by answering that, if scholars may be trusted, the wisdom behind Ecclesiastes is not Solomon's, but another's. For our man in the street is quoting Solomon, not because he was wise, but because he agrees with the street. It will be best then to agree or argue direct with the great heart of humanity upon the pavement.

We will begin with a concession. "Sir, I am not prepared to go the length of you and Solomon and admit that all is vanity;

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but I will allow that, though not all things are vanity, yet many things are. You will remember, Sir, if you were by when we said it, that some things are liable to be called illusions which ought to be described as delusions. Among these latter are not a few of the expectations of life and its satisfactions which young men form: they have just made a mistake, have believed things to be what they are not, considered as sources of amusement or delight. Young Tithonus, one recalls, thought immortality would be a good, but this was in that dewy hour under the eyes of divine morning, when he "seemed to his great self scarce other than a god," and forgot how dim are old man's eyes and how cold are their feet. He was not a God: there was his mistake; he had believed things to be what they were not. He was under a delusion. On our theory the fact that an illusion has proved to be a vanity, is proof that it was not illusion, but only that assonant from which we jealously distinguish it. So when the now matured youngster finds his wedded life is prose, and even prose in which the rhythm jolts, or that life's amusements are just what hinder life from being very well, or that politics are a rude game of knocks and dirt, and thereon declares himself a disillusioned man, I ask him 'Who told you these things were so grand? Was it books you read; or the wish which fathers the thought? It is very likely you come, like that apologist for indolence, of a family none of whose members ever liked pain, and that your inherited distaste for that ingredient in life's feast caused you to accept a strong delusion and to believe a lie. In that case vanity in yourself was parent of the vanity you find in things, and must blame herself for her offspring.'

But next we shall show our friend in the street that even in the cases where the illusion, which in his view disappoints, is illusion proper, even here he mistakes what happens. It is not that illusion has misrepresented the facts. No, it was a true projection from the man's character and energies at the time; it was the glow and pleasure of his powers translated into a picture and cast rain-

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bow-like before him. It was therefore a correct revelation of himself to the man. But then it was a revelation of himself to the man *at that time*. If he passes that date, and still sees only the same illusion, of course he finds that it does not accord with facts; the brilliant lines have faded, they are in his landscape no longer. Why, yes; and if you will walk into a rainbow, where would the colours or the curve be any longer? If the sun himself could overtake the rainbow he makes, not even he who was called the All-seeing One could still see the rainbow he had made.

When then a young man of twenty, grown another twenty years older, says the illusion has broken, he means that the illusion he had at one score years no longer expresses his relations to the world of fact at two score. Doubtless. But why, pray, has year Forty no illusion of its own? If he were quite what Transatlantics call a "live man," his energies of the fortieth summer would cast a new illusion, just as the eye of the advancing traveller casts a new cloud-bow on the field next in front of him. Why does not this traveller of two-score carry his illusion on before him? There are travellers who do, men who go through the mortal march with enthusiasm which does not die. He does not, because his energies have died or so dwindled that they cast on the mist only the ghost of an image, a shadow's shade. His vitality has failed. Illusion was, we found, a vital function: but there must be a vitality to functionise. The disappointment of illusions means only the dying of life. It is not his vision which has been false to the man, but the man to his vision. It is not that he has out-lived illusions—he cannot do that, for to live is to go on making them. No, he has not out-lived them: he has failed to live them out.

Does not Illusion at this point assume a very significant and even solemn aspect? Is the thing which we are here brought in sight of anything else than the struggle for Existence, the real and final one, the warfare of life *in excelsis*? The law of contest which is the law of the animal, social, intellectual life, will be also of the moral. Here it is—we have to receive and to repel;

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to be open to facts, stubborn against pressure; we have to fight the gravitation of weariness, dulness, familiarity, and all the ruinous forces which throw down, disintegrate, crumble into dust, blurr into "flat confusion" the fine structures of character. This power to preserve our illusions, and to weave them ever fresh and fresh as life deepens for us, is the power to preserve our vitality, it is success in maintaining the correspondence of the organism with its environment. Do not tell me that illusion is a youthful vanity, for that here are all these friends of yours and mine who have found it so, they have been disillusioned, they know that young dreams are a kindly fraud. Why, yes, I say; but these are our failures; these are they who have perished in the struggle of life. They do not look like that to you. No, to you they are the fittest who have survived; they flourish and abound, bay-trees of prosperous leaf; they are heads of families, chiefs of firms, directors of hotel companies; they have made fortunes, and have achieved municipal greatness and knighthood, and no committee is complete without them. But they are dead—dead enthusiasts, dead visionaries, dead poets at forty, beautiful souls that have died. Yes, they are the victims of evolutionary law, the wastage and breakage of Nature's laboratory, the casualties of her battle of existence. They are the illustration of my theory that Illusion is a function of life. See, it is even a prime function, it cannot be done without; those in whom it has ceased to energise have ceased to live.

Well, someone will urge, this is a very murderous war; the casualty list at this rate will be enormous, the survivors are the merest scatterlings. That may be so; it is a remnant, we know, which shall be saved. The gate into life is straight and the way narrow, and those who use it are few. Only do not let us read this fact as if it were merely a malefic law of Nature, one of her sad mysteries. This tendency of the higher energy to die is not truly interpreted as one of Nature's wasteful ways, her habit of making ten thousand random shots in order to score one hit.

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That percentage of success does not represent the character of the law, which is really a beneficent mechanism to promote progress. For I am instructed by my standard adviser in philosophy that to ensure human progress, which means an advance of man to a level of life on which higher things give him pleasure, or, to put it otherwise, on which the vitality is higher, it is necessary that to advance should be more pleasurable, or at least less painful than to remain behind. Of the necessity we are easily convinced, for we all are climbers of something—a mountain, or a tower, or the scale of of existence—and if we go up-hill it is always either for the hope of fresh air and a prospect up above, or fear of an enemy down below. On the stairway of existence the compulsion to mount is supplied to us by the fact that in our enjoyments and satisfactions, as in all else, variety pleases and familiarity breeds a contempt.

Thus in the case of Illusion, if there were not the phase called Disillusion, but which we will call the waning of zest in a pleasure grown familiar, the man would remain content with those satisfactions of which his boyish character was capable and of which his illusion was the image. He would then decline to exert himself to go up the stair: there would be no progress.

But the zest does wane, and the taste of life loses savour. Wherewith shall it be salted again? For he cannot endure to be dull; it seems as much as life is worth to rest without a romance of life, a gleam that will be followed, a Holy Grail bidding him out on adventure. Up, out, after it!

Yes, but, because he desires it, can he therefore find it, if it is not there? And you told us this illusion was the reflection of youth's energies, not a thing in itself. How then, if the man lacks the energy, can he have the Illusion?

I am supposing that he has the energies, those however of man not of youth, therefore nobler and casting a more luminous image. To help ourselves again with a well-worn parable, there are things which have at one stage the energy only to crawl and which feed on cabbage leaves and are content with that fare, but maturing

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into the butterfly ask for honeydew and ambrosia, food of gods. So ought the man to slough off his youth, grow his wings, and accordingly diet with gods. And see if the youth's illusion has not itself brought about the metamorphosis. The pursuit of it has employed his activities, exercised his soul; and function always perfects structure, alike in organ or limb and in mind or spirit. Thus the grub becomes the butterfly, and must live by honey and not by cabbage; or, to be precise, the boy, who was able only to fall in love, has become apt for "the marriage of true minds," or for the spiritual friendship which is indeed rare among us but beyond all comparison with mere comradeship, or for that later hero-worship which is worship not of a hero but of the heroic itself, or for that joy of self-sacrifice in a cause which is young Ambition's angel-face.

On saying which we must not be startled by the windy guffaw which comes up from the pavement. "He never meets that sort:" adds the Man in the Street; "heavy bankers, used-up stock-brokers, pedants very well pleased with themselves, these come his way in plenty. But your idealist with grey in his hair, your knights after the Grail in the fifties, he cannot say he ever sees them."

And very likely he does not. It is hard enough to see the Grail itself; to see another man see it is harder still. But I am not really in dispute with the Pavement. I agree that in the struggle for survival those who survive are fit but few. The adventurers indeed are many, but if (to quote here before the Society of the Rose and in the land of Burne-Jones a legend from the Briar-Rose) "they perished in their daring deeds," we will prefer to look on the more cheerful side of the affair and remember that if "the many fail, the one succeeds." My concern is only to point out *how* he succeeds, what the condition is of his survival when he does survive. This condition is that an old illusion wanes and its pleasure dies; a dead self is the stairway-stone on which the man puts his foot and mounts. There we have the law of progress, which proves to be the law, always known to the Mystic, though

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only yesterday known to the Evolutionist, that life is found by losing it, lost by loving it too much. Illusion, then, hateth her life to keep it eternally. That is a law which plainly is not confuted by any number of failures to fulfil it. No multitude of instances in which men do not progress affects the truth that, when they do progress, this is the way of it: thus only the stair is climbed.

Last in our argument, let us note that if we have correctly named the general direction of progress, yet the movement is complex, and we need to be more specific. We have not pictured the law adequately when we liken it to a stairway. It is true we do mount on stepping-stones of our dead selves, but the stairway is a spiral one. Ever mounting, it is ever returning to the same point, and at each landing of our tower we look from the window on the same landscape, only we see it with a wider horizon and more precisely, because the details no longer hide one another, the trees no longer prevent us seeing the wood. This truth that progress is spiral (not merely a zig-zag, which is an inadequate image missing the full fact) hardly needs proof when once stated, but only illustration. Thus, man begins as a part of a larger whole, his family, not yet as a single life, a self-realised individual: by culture he grows more individual, and then learns that only by sinking the individual in the universal can he attain his own perfection. Art begins in play, progresses through rule and drill, and ends as art which conceals art. Manners start with the unembarrassed naiveté of childhood, and pass through the gaucherie and blushes and stumbles of the hobbledehoy into the frankness of the master of intercourse. Morals come first to us in an instinct which is good, are perplexed and strained in piggishness, and emerge again as goodness which is instinctive. Your child at her gambols dances like a leaf because of a music in her limbs; then she learns her steps in the schoolroom with pain and haltings: and again she dances as light as the leaf, but in figures instead of at random. Or you, her father, making a new acquaintance, name him good or bad by an



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intuitive judgment, then in your second thoughts discredit your intuition, to find the first thoughts confirmed by your "third which are a riper first."

This spiral ascent, this upward coil of progress, this return to a first knowledge with enrichment of it, is the deeper explanation of the part which illusion plays in experience. It accounts for disillusion. Disillusion is merely a moment in the process, and its significance does not appear if it is studied by itself, without seeing whence it comes and whither it is going. It is the halfway point in the curve of experience, therefore the most distant from the fact; the midway step between window and window on the spiring stairway, and therefore on the blind side of the turret: it is the conscious, critical, embarrassed stage in knowledge or accomplishment, it is the second thought through which the first thought travels to the riper third, it is the dimness which succeeds intuition and precedes vision, it is (returning to our parable) the hueless, crawling grub which came from a butterfly's egg and from which winged Psyche will again emerge. Disillusion then is not a final fact, is not a fact at all if isolated. Illusion, Disillusion—that is but an arc of the circle of fact. Let the curve run its course and return and complete the circle. Illusion, Disillusion, Vision—there we have it, there the law is stated. "First thoughts, and third, which are a riper first." Your young men shall see visions, and the grown men shall doubt them, but your old men shall dream dreams once more.

But, as we said long ago of Illusion, so again Disillusion can be studied only by the help of disillusion. Let us glance in ending at concrete examples of the law at work, at the disenchanted seaboys and at hero-worshipping James when Sir William is dead, and at Joan the vision-seer when men shut up Joan in prison.

Look at James then our little hero-worshipper, now the lord or a vast stithy by a turbid river-mouth. Uncle William is now in peace, and death has been no apotheosis; the heir of his genius has come to appraise his hero correctly. But long ago, behind the time-

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worn features of Uncle William he had discerned the solemn and withal alluring countenance of Civic Duty, and to this venerable but unaging divinity had without idol-breaking transferred the cult.

And our sea-boy turned admiral, what must he do to survive the waning of pleasure, now that the dance of the old waves has no more hilarity for him, than for an engine-driver has the thump of his piston. O, the mystic joy comes back to meet him on his quarter-deck some night of vague moonshine, as he feels his way round a shimmering coast, and tells himself "That is England, Nelson's land and Drake's, and here am I who keep her, as they kept her in his day and in his."

And Joan the conquerer become Joan the captive. Ah! but how dare we read the soul-story of prophets in their prison shadow, and interpret the spirit-communings of a Gethsemane. Only hints reach us from the condemned cell, only a breath from the stake. "There will be a deliverance . . . . It will be by a great victory." Yes, a deliverance,—but so as by fire: a great victory,—for what victory is so great as the death which a saviour accepts as the ransom of the saved? But again and last, from the smoke and crackle of flames, "The voices did not deceive me!" It is but a breath, and it is enough. "Did not deceive." Enough! Joan has lived out her illusion, has outlived her doubt, and

at the last a hand came through  
The fire above her head, and drew  
Her soul to Him whom now she sees,

beholding with open face the Vision that maketh blest.

## PATIENT GRIZZEL.\*

By Miss May Morris.

**I**N one of the Italian Rooms in the National Gallery there is a series of three pictures painted with the golden rich fancy of the Italian Renaissance; a brilliant hunting party, a woman driven out of her home naked and barefoot, a lordly feast drawing to its happy close. These used to have a curious fascination for me in my very early days: in those days when on the periodical visit to the Gallery in Trafalgar Square the pictures inside were matter of less moment than the aspect of the lions in their frowning majesty, or the glittering of the fountain spray on a hot summer's afternoon. In these pictures is told the story of patient womanhood which, if not historic, is typical of one aspect of woman's place in social life. Most countries and most ages have accepted it as the place best fitted for her understanding, her gifts of mind and body, and for nature's endowment to her of special functions and duties. In the three long panels of deep colour with their little figures in strange rich attire, the principal thing that struck my childish mind was the wife being turned barefooted out of doors in her smock; imagination pictured her in a sudden shower shivering without an umbrella, or worse still, the little bare toes treading on a nasty worm as she went home to her father's cottage. As the story was told me I set down the lord and husband as a ridiculous as well as a cruel man, and used to ask why he put himself to so much trouble and her to such pain, when he loved her and she loved him. Surely they and their beautiful children might have lived quietly and happily from the first and no story written of them. Unnecessary to say that my elders warily skated round any solution that would have opened the whole field of ethics, of history, of the study of mankind in all its aspects; they mostly

\* A Lecture delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, 20th February, 1901.

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put me off with the answer that the story *had* to be written, implying I had better accept it and ask no questions. An answer from the literary craftsman's point of view, which entirely failed to satisfy the positive child mind.

Since then I have sometimes seen a group of girls stopping before the pictures with the obvious comment of modern maidenhood. One blames her, another blames him, and so on, and still the story of a woman wounded in her very weakness and love, old and familiar as it is, and here presented with the direct simplicity by which mediæval story-tellers held their audience, keeps all its interest, with a modern curiosity added about the men of past times who tortured their women in no subtle and indirect way, but openly and unflinchingly, without fear of being lynched as too savage for intercourse with their fellows.

Let me give you the story of Patient Grizzel in the words of Boccaccio, the great novelist of the 14th century, in whose *Decameron* it figures as the tenth and last story on the tenth and last day. Of many versions of this favourite tale, including our own Chaucer's, Boccaccio's is at once the earliest, the most dramatic, and gives most vividly the spirit and surroundings of the people for whom and to whom it was told.

The story is told that once on a time Walter the young Count of Saluzzo, being unmarried, was content to live spending his time in hunting and hawking, giving no thought to his childless condition nor to the future of his noble house. This pleased his friends and vassals but ill, and many times they prayed him to take a wife, so that he might not be without heir nor they without lord. After many objections, Walter consented to do as they wished, on the condition that he should make his own choice which they must accept without question. His knights replied they were content that he should find his mate himself. Now Walter had already marked the bearing of a poor maid in a village near his castle, and her beauty being great, he thought that life in her company could well be happy; and thus without seeking further he made her

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his choice. He commanded the father, who was miserably poor, to be brought before him, and gave him to know he would take his daughter to wife. Then Walter assembled his friends from all the country-side and said to them, "The time has now come for me to fulfil my promise and you yours. Not far from here I found a maiden after my own heart; her will I wed and in few days lead home. Therefore contrive you as you may that the marriage feast be fair and that you honourably receive her." Immediately all set to devising a great and joyous festival, and the Marquis of Saluzzo commanded great preparations for the wedding, inviting to it his kinsfolk and the great nobles and other folk from the country around. He caused many fair robes to be made, girdles and rings and a rich and noble crown, and everything seemly and fitting for a bride. When the wedding-day dawned Walter set out with all his meinie towards the village, On arriving at the cottage of the girl's father, they found her returning with water from the well, hastening that she might go with the other women to see the home-coming of Walter's bride. The Marquis called her by her name "Griselda," and asked her where her father was. Whereat she replied bashfully, "My lord, he is within." Then he dismounted, and commanding his company to wait, entered alone into the cottage. Here he found the father, named Giannucola, and said to him, "I am come to marry thy Griselda. But first in thy presence, I would know of her something," and he asked her, should he take her to wife, would she always do her utmost to please him, and be not moved by anything that he might say or do, if she would be ever obedient, with many other such things: to which she replied always "Yes." Then Walter took her by the hand and led her forth, and in the sight of all his company he had her stripped of her poor clothes, and quickly clad in those garments that had been prepared; and on her hair, all rough and disordered as it was, he set a crown. Then to those around who looked on marvelling, he said, "Lords, this is she whom I will make my wife, if she will have me for husband." And he turned to her,

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standing shamefast and breathless, and said, "Griselda, wilt thou have me for thy husband?" To whom she answered, "My lord, I will." And he said, "And I will have thee for my wife," and thus in the presence of all he wedded her. He then caused her to be mounted on a palfrey, and followed by an honourable company, led her home. The young bride seemed as though she had changed her nature with her habits. Fair of face and of body she was, but now to her goodly aspect was added such grace and courtesy that it seemed as though she had never been Giannucola's daughter and shepherdess, but the child of some great lord. Whereat those who knew her in her humble state marvelled much at her. Moreover was she so submissive to her husband that he held himself to be the happiest of men. And to the lieges of the Marquis she was gracious and kind, and there was not one who did not love her, saying that their lord was indeed the wisest of men to have discovered her high virtues beneath the poor rags of a serf's child. In short not only in his dominion but in all the country, she so wrought before long, that she made all talk of her worth, and made those change their mind who had spoken against the marriage of the Marquis. And so they lived together, and she grew big with child, and when her time came gave birth to a daughter, whereof Walter made great rejoicings. But as the days went by it came into his mind to prove her patience and submission by long trials and things intolerable. First he stung her with words, showing himself disturbed and saying that his knights were most evilly content at her lowly condition, and the more since they saw she would bear him children; that they had done naught but complain miserably since the babe's birth. On hearing this she said with unchanged countenance: "My lord, do with me what you deem will be most to your honour and your comfort, that shall I joyfully submit to, for well I know that I was little worthy of the greatness which you in your gentle courtesy put upon me." This reply was dear to Walter's heart, for he saw that her changed and honourable state had not bred a

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haughty spirit in her. But shortly afterwards, the Marquis sent one of his men to her, who with a sorrowful aspect, said: "Madonna, if I am not to court death, I must do that which my lord commands me. He has bid me take your child and —" He said no more, but the lady seeing the sorrowful look of him, and remembering the words lately spoken, understood that he had been commanded to kill her child. So, taking it from the cradle, kissing and blessing it (with anguish in her heart) she placed it on the arm of the servant and said, "O thou, do now that which thy lord and mine has bidden thee: yet I pray thee leave her not so that the beasts and the birds may devour her—if this too be not against his will." The man took the babe and told Walter what his lady had said. He, wondering at her constancy, sent him with the child to Bologna to a kinswoman of his, praying her to rear the child, without saying whose it was.

So lived they till it came to pass the lady was again with child and at the due time gave birth to a son. But Walter, though he rejoiced much thereat, was not content with what he had done, and sought further to wound the lady. One day he came to her with gloomy looks and said: "Woman, since thou hast borne me this son, in no wise it is well between me and my kinsfolk and followers, so hardly they complain that a child of the blood of Giannucola shall be their lord after me. Hence methinks, if I would not be hunted and driven from my lands, must I consent to do their will and leave thee and take another wife." The lady listened with patient heart, and no wise replied than thus: "My lord, think but of your own happiness and of doing your pleasure. Have no thought for me, for nothing in this world seems dear to me save only as it pleases you." Shortly afterwards Walter sent his man for the boy as he had sent for the firstborn, and in the same manner feigned to have had it killed while he sent it secretly to Bologna to his kinsfolk. Whereat his wife did and said as she had done at the stealing of the girl-babe. And Walter marvelled greatly at her constancy.



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His vassals believing that he had caused the children to be killed, now blamed him harshly, and pitied his wife. And she, to those women who were lamenting over her for children so cruelly killed, never said otherwise than that as it pleased him who had begotten them so it pleased her. But now many years having passed since the birth of the daughter, to Walter it seemed time to make a last proof of his lady's endurance; he caused to be sent him false letters from Rome, and showed them to his followers. He then sent for Griselda, and in presence of all, said to her: "Dame, by the concession made me by our Lord Pope, I may take to me another wife, putting thee aside, and since that my forbears have been great nobles and lords over this country (wherein thine own were ever labouring-folk) I will that thou cease to be my wife, that thou go back to the house of Giannucola taking with thee the dowry that thou broughtest me; thereafter shall I bring hither another spouse whom I have found, more fitting to my estate." On hearing these words the lady withheld her tears, not without sore struggle beyond the strength of women, and replied: "My Lord, well I knew my low estate in no wise fitted with your nobility, and that which I have been here with you, that was I by your grace and God's, nor have I held my high estate and goods as a gift and mine wholly, but as lent unto me. It pleaseth you to have the gift again, and me to render it. Lo, here is your ring with which you wedded me. You bid that I should take with me the dowry I brought you; surely no counting will be needed for you to pay it, nor for me to receive it, for it hath not left my memory that you took me naked from my father's house. And if you deem it seemly that this body wherein I have borne the children begotten by you should be seen by all eyes, naked I will go forth; yet I pray you, in exchange for my virginity which I brought hither but may not carry hence, let it please you that at least a smock above this my dowry be given me." Walter who had more wish to weep than aught else, remained nevertheless hard-visaged and said: "Thou shalt have the smock." All those

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around him prayed that he would grant her seemingly clothing so that she who had been his wife for thirteen years and more, should not be seen leaving his house so lamentably and so condemned. But in vain were all prayers, and the lady, in her smock, bare-legged and nothing about her head, thus humbly left the castle, (recommending herself to God) and returned to her father amid the tears and murmuring of all those who saw her. Giannucola, who had never been able to believe that Walter would keep his daughter for wife, had preserved the clothing which she had done off that morning when Walter wedded her, every day awaiting her return. So she arrayed herself in them, and went about the small duties of her father's home, as she had been wont, bearing with courage the rude assault of hostile fortune. Thereafter the Marquis made known to his subjects that he had chosen for wife a daughter of the house of Panago, and making great preparations for the wedding, he sent for Griselda. To whom he said: "I will that the lady whom I have newly chosen be fairly honoured in this her home-coming. Thou knowest that I have no women in my house who understand how to prepare and deck the chambers, nor to do many things that such a festival demands; therefore do thou, who better than any other knowest such like housewifery, set about what there is to do; then bid hither as guests such woman as it seems meet, and receive them as thou wert mistress here. The feasting at an end thou may'st hie thee back to thy home." Although these words were each one a dagger in the heart of Griselda, she made answer: "My lord, I am ready and willing thereto." And clad in her coarse peasant clothes she entered the house which she had left but lately in her shift. She began to prepare the rooms and put them in order, and caused canopies and hangings to be hung in the halls, overlooked the kitchens, and like a little serving-wench, put her hand to everything, nor paused she until all things were made ready as was seemly. Then, having in her lord's name bidden as guests all the noble ladies of the country round, she awaited the beginning of the

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festival, and on the wedding-day, in the same poor clothes, she received in kindly, womanly wise and with cheerful looks all the ladies who came to the castle. Now, Walter had caused his children to be brought up with care in the charge of his kinswoman in Bologna, and the girl was over twelve years of age, the fairest thing that ever was seen; the boy six years. He had sent to his kinsfolk praying them that they would come to Saluzzo, with his son and daughter, in a fair and honourable company; he further bade them say to all that it was his wife they were bringing him, without letting any become aware that it was otherwise. His kinsfolk thereupon set out on the road, and after some days arrived at Saluzzo with the girl and her brother and a noble company, and were received by the assembled folk, who were awaiting the new wife. When she had been welcomed by the ladies, they entered the hall where the tables were set, and Griselda came to meet them with sweet looks, saying: "Welcome is my lady!" The women had eagerly prayed to Walter, but prayed in vain, that Griselda should have leave to remain in an apartment of her own, and that she might borrow some of the clothes which had been hers, so that she might not appear thus poorly before the strangers. Then they sat at table and were served and they all gazed upon the bride, and men said that Walter had made a good exchange, and among others Griselda praised her greatly. Walter had noted everything, touched at the patience of his wife, whom nothing new and strange could move. Certain he was that not through stupidity was she thus steadfast, knowing her so wise. But now it seemed time to him to free her from the bitterness which he knew was hidden under her brave looks; so he sent for her and in presence of all men, smiled on her and said: "How likest thou our new spouse?" "My lord," returned Griselda, "fair she seems to me; if she be wise as she is fair (as well I think it) I doubt not that you may live with her the best-contented lord in all the world. Yet I pray you heartily, lay not upon this one the trials you laid upon her who was first yours, for scarcely, as I

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think it, may she endure them, in that she is younger, and moreover delicately nurtured, whereas that other one had spent her youth in ceaseless labour." Walter, seeing she firmly believed that this was to be his wife, and none the less spoke fairly of her, bade her come to his side and said: "Griselda, the time has come that thou shalt see the fruit of thy lost patience, and that those who have held me to be cruel, iniquitous and stupid, shall know that what I did, I wrought to these ends: wishing to teach thee to be a good wife, to show those who look on how they may take and keep a mate, and to fashion for myself unending quiet whilst I should live with thee. For when I came to think of marrying, I was much afeared it might be otherwise, and therefore, as a test, made I my choice as thou knowest, wounding and striking thee to the heart. Now, since I have never seen that in word or in deed, thou has departed from my will and pleasure, it seemeth I may have of thee that comfort I sought for; I will therefore that thou receive back that which I took from thee and that thy wounds be healed. With glad heart take this maid whom thou heldest for my bride and this her brother, for thy and my children are they, those whom thou and many others thought I had so cruelly killed. And it is I am thy husband, who above all things love thee, believing that I may boast that no other man is there so blessed in his wife." Thus saying, he embraced and kissed her, and together with her who wept for joy, rose, and going to where the daughter sat all amazed, embraced her and her brother tenderly and made known all things to them and to those around them.

So ends the story; to understand it and the enthusiasm with which it was listened to: to understand its universality in some form or other, one has to realize the temper of the times in which so much wanton brutality on the man's part, and so much docility and servile affection, as it seems to us, on the woman's, were acceptable and struck no false or unreal note on listening ears. And it is worth while picturing the high-born woman and her surroundings. We have to imagine the feudal lord in his castle with its

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towers and great walls overlooking the surrounding country ; the woods, pastureland, rivers and ponds, mills and bakehouses, all belonging to him, held by the right of the strong hand ; below the castle-fastness lies the village, in which his labourers and serfs lived wretchedly enough. A little later to this picture we must add the compact little town, often at enmity with its over-lord ; its burgesses, its chapmen and artificers leagued together in their commune by mutual oath of assistance. At this time, when money is scarce and payment is made to the lord of the manor mostly in kind and service, the castle would be in itself a little world, to a great extent self-supporting, and the industries pursued in its buildings, weaving, making of clothes, carpentering, wine-making and the like, are generally superintended by the lady and mistress herself. The woman who is capable of directing this busy world of hers, with all its difficulties and bickerings and sometimes its emergencies of danger, must be a person of intelligence and character, and must have more than a merely sentimental influence over her husband. Often too, in these times of crusading expeditions, she is an heiress in her own right, and may have her own establishment and followers apart from her husband, though living harmoniously with him. Michelet in his *Sorcière* gives altogether too gloomy and *outré* a view of the passions and vices of mediæval woman, yet anyone who begins to study the life of these times, is no longer surprised at the proverbial liberty and license of these châtelaines of romance and fabliaux. They are all-powerful in their domain, assert that no love is possible in marriage, take lovers and lay Herculean labours on them, and all this with very little reference to their lords and husbands, and with more pride in, than fear of, advertizing their strayed affections.

The life of the serf-woman is very different, especially at the time when the labourers are beginning to be settled on the soil, and no longer work as chattel-slaves under direct supervision of an overseer. She is thin and pale, even to fragility, ill-fed, ill-housed, and resigned to be so. It is the will of God : she is born serf as the lord

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up there is born lord and tyrant. She is tied to the soil—imagination scarcely pictures flight from the lord's domain, and whither should she flee? it would be madness to brave the punishment, death even, that would follow. Think of it! to live in a state of semi-starvation, with corn always scarce, famine for six months of the year, and if the crops fail, misery redoubled. To live in a state of uncertainty, at the mercy of these rough lords and insolent bailiffs, who may take all produce of a poor year and none shall gainsay them. And how often the assembly under the tree of justice where the lord of the manor or his deputy heard complaints, was a mere farce, degenerating, when he ceased to appear in person, into chicanery and extortion! The feudal labourer had theoretically no rights, his wife was scarcely his own. Listen to this from Bartholomew the Englishman's *Property of Things*, written at the middle of the 13th century (before 1260):—

“A servant woman is ordained to learn the wife's rule, and is put to office and work of travail, toiling and slubbering. And is fed with gross meat and simple, and is clothed with clothes, and kept low under the yoke of thralldom and serfage; and if she conceive a child, it is thrall or it be born, and is taken from the mother's womb to serfage. Also if a serving woman be of bond condition, she is not suffered to take a husband at her own will; and he that wedded her, if he be free afore, he is made bond after that contract. A bond servant which is bought and sold like a beast . . . And therefore among all wretchedness and woe, the condition of bondage and thrall is most wretched.”

The villein is better off than his fathers were in the slave-stage he has escaped from, for he and his wife have at least their own fire-side; they have their few little belongings, a bed, a chest, a chair or two, a few tools and the wife's spindle, their few sheep and a little pasturage; they have gone up one stage in the scale, but life is still hard and very hopeless. And the woman is thin and fragile, I have said; not coarsened by excessive labour, for she has more leisure than the prosperous house-wife of later and more settled times: the leisure of extreme poverty whose possessions and incomings are but few. She can sit by her hearth, dreaming over

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the last story heard from the wandering singer at the village cross, the sound of whose *vielle* or fiddle had summoned men and women from their doors. The story was perhaps one of those folk-tales where the oppressed, the down-trodden come to happiness and triumph at last, after many a trial. The minstrel is as welcome in the village as in my lady's chamber; how eagerly welcome we, who can feed our imagination on books and pictures, cannot realize. She has listened eagerly, seeing herself in the scullion-maid who marries a prince and wears golden clothes. Or mayhap the tale told of a fairy who helped the house-wife in her work, and she looks round fearfully at the creaking in the house-beam, hoping and dreading a like visitor for herself. One pictures her as she sits alone over her spinning, waiting for her husband after his day's work; one pictures her as the mother hanging over her child's cradle, and wondering what life the caprice of their lord destines for it, praying, too, that God and the Blessed Virgin may keep it from the influence of the strange spirits that hover everywhere. For the dangers of the mischievous spirit-world are as real to her as those of the substantial world itself; strange existences, nameless, shapeless beings, lurk in the dim forest where she goes furtively to pick up wood, in the willow-tangles above the murmuring stream; they lurk even in the smiling cornfields and in the little hollows of the pasture-meadows, that she passes with quickening step in the twilight, on her way from the village; she has been there to exchange the surplus of her winter's spinning against something needed in the home. Beset from within and without, by the fears of the unseen world that grow upon her humble ignorance in those long meditative hours, and by the fears forced upon her life itself, we can picture the character that grows in these surroundings—the inarticulate pensive creature, her forces dormant and wasted, with a homeless soul that hangs between hell and heaven, rejected and accursed, in its very essence, by the Church. She is the Sleeping Beauty in the tangled briars, but there comes, alas! no fairy-prince for a sweet awakening.



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It is out of these conditions that the Griselda story grew, and in it we find the need of the poor and uncared-for to weave a veil of romance around their twilight life, the make-believe of Andersen's Little Match-Girl, who sees her visions of Heaven and roast goose in the flames of the matches as she freezes in the snow. When by caprice or by force of circumstances—we have both in our story—a noble has married beneath him, or has legalized the position of a low-born maiden, his wife remains his serving-maid and vassal, obedient to his least command. What wonder, then, that the poor villein's daughter, gathering wisdom beyond her years as she sat through the long days lonely and thoughtful, watching her sheep, should answer to every fresh outrage and caprice of her husband, "Do with me as you will: I was little worthy of the high honour you put upon me in your good courtesy."

There rise before my mind two portraits, both by a master-hand, nameless and many centuries dead: one is a coloured bust; a woman's face, ample, with prominent cheek-bones but delicate in the surface contour; the nose is aquiline, and the long eyes half-closed in a vague smile; her forehead is broad and bare, and great bunches of pale gold hair shade the firm cheeks, while her lips are long and thin, with an upward curl at the corners in sympathy with the smiling eyes. Is not this the very figure of the romances, the pleasure-loving woman of ancient France, heroine of the tournaments, courageous and alert in time of war, indolent in the long days of home-life, amid the silence of the winter snows? My other portrait is a sculptured figure of Eve, and the sculptor has imagined her slim and frail, holding the serpent, a timid, harmless, cowering little thing, against her bosom. Her face is a long oval, intellectual and meditative, with the firm quiet mouth of a woman who is born to endurance rather than to enjoyment. It is a noble piece of work, and the man who conceived it was as much alive to the tragedy of life as to its comedy, and saw in the women around him more than ministers of pleasure and loose lovers. These two types run through the literature and art of the Middle Ages, and

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to the Eve-type our Griselda belongs, the young shepherdess who, when her high promotion came upon her, was fit for it: meek and wise, and courteous as any lady gently born. It was lonely meditations such as hers that led another shepherdess into action, to the noise and dangers of a soldier's camp. Joan of Arc left her woods and her flocks for the mission of rescuing France, unwillingly and tearfully, led by her Saints to the battle-field. Banned and burnt by the church in her own day—and raised to holiness in ours—what witchcraft had the poor soul save her own enthusiasm and the endurance of the serf-woman, articulate here through some special quality of nervous power?

Our Griselda story is not quite isolated among the crowd of tales of feminine ill-temper, inconstancy and licentiousness, which abound in the literature of the Middle Ages. The *Nut-Brown Maid* comes rather near it, and the *Lai de Frêne*, by the best known of the mediæval women poets, Marie de France. In the *Nut-Brown Maid* the victim is the man's betrothed bride, while in the *Lai de Frêne*, the charming young girl who is brought up at a convent (having been abandoned as an inconvenient twin) captivates a knight, returns his love, and goes with him to live as his *douce amie*. His friends and vassals point out that they cannot brook having as their future Lord the son of a nameless woman and persuade him to make choice of a lawful wife. Chance brings the other sister forward as the proposed bride; her parents are noble, and poor Frêne humbly sets about preparing for the marriage festival. She is discovered by her own mother by means of a rich Eastern cloth with which she is decking the nuptial bed—it having been wrapt round her when as a babe her mother sent her out into the world to shift for herself. Of course as the legalized wife she is accepted by the proud vassals of her lover, and all ends happily.

I mention these three variations of the "patient woman" story to show that it is not merely the wife who gets bullied: we have paramour, betrothed and long-wedded wife, all equally fair game for the man's caprice and sanctified moralizing.

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In Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's Tale*, and in the *Knight and the Loathly Lady*, and kindred stories, we have the pendant of Patient Grissel—the woman who would be ruler. Under different circumstances, in the different versions, a knight has the task put upon him of finding the answer to the question: "What is it that women most desire?" The answer is given him by a benevolent fairy or by a woman who has been bewitched into a loathsome shape, and this answer—which none of the oldest and wisest in the land can find, is Power and Sovereignty.

I should leave you with a false impression of many of the Middle Ages if I did not touch in passing on the other side of the picture. In the *Wright's Chaste Wife* we have a type, in this case sprightly and only a little coarse, of the long list of medieval comic tales, *contes à rire* bearing on the philanderings of men and women. A mason who has been sent by his lord to a building job at a distance leaves his wife at home to look after herself (and she is very well able to do it). She had brought him as her dowry a rose-wreath which remains fresh as long as she is faithful to him, and this he takes with him leaving her without misgiving, for she has another safeguard of her virtue in a chamber he has built for her with a trapdoor, which when trodden on lets down any unwelcome visitor into a pit. To her come successively the lord, the steward, and a proctor, fired by the virtues of the garland, of which the wright has unwisely boasted to them. There is a scene between the woman and the lord, in which, after a good deal of pressing she consents to favour him with her kisses on payment of good money. Then she lets him walk across the trap-door and the gallant falls plump down into the darkness, cutting a very foolish figure under the wife's jeers. "There you stay," she cries, "till the good man comes home!" and goes about her work. When he begs for food she bids him work for it, and throwing down flax and hemp into his prison, tells him to beat it and "sweat for his food." The same thing happens with the steward and the proctor. She takes presents of money and plumps them down into the

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cellar. The lord expostulates with the unlucky steward as he comes tumbling down, crying "What devil art thou? Hadst thou fallen on me thou hadst hurt me sorely." So there they stay, beating the flax, spinning and winding for dear life, and when the good man comes home and asks what all the noise is, the sprightly wife answers: "Sir, three workmen are come to help us in our need." When he sees who they are and she explains the situation, he enters into the spirit of it and goes for the lord's wife, who herself falls a-laughing as she looks down and sees her lord in that plight. So the three philanderers all eat humble pie and go home with sobered spirit and empty purses; the story-teller remarking that—

"Thus the Wright's garland was fair of hue,  
And his wife both good and true."

This not very refined story of a virtuous woman stands out in a different light. No longer a poetic type, the endless power to endure wanton cruelty, the final triumph through silence and meekness develop into a fine capacity for aggression, the ready tongue and quick wit of a woman who fights her battles with the enemy's own weapons and triumphs speedily though vulgarly, escaping the heart-wounds of our gentle Griselda.

I cannot help thinking that many of the scandalous stories of women, their love and intrigue, were often told for the sake of the laughter in them, not as some commentators say, to degrade and lower the sex. A great many of these mediæval tales of everyday life are derived from the East, and in countries where women lived indolent and degraded lives and were deprived of their liberty, of education, of any idea of individual dignity, the stories about them would only exaggerate for artistic or dramatic effect, vices and tendencies that really existed in a very high degree. Jean de Meung's saying, paraphrased by Pope into "Every woman is at heart a rake," is not characteristically a mediæval saying: it is one of the bitter things that are said from time to time in all ages, in the great war between man and woman, perhaps in answer to some bitter

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thing said on the other side. But we have everywhere in mediæval literature signs of the long continuance of the savage idea of women's impurity, carried on by that ferocious side of religion which sets her down as accursed by her Eve-nature.

The type of ideal purity is found in the Virgin Mary, as the Middle Ages saw her, in the women who dedicate their chastity to Heaven, Ste. Claire, S. Therèse, Dante's Beatrice—dim pale figures flitting across the stage where so many passionate full-blooded dramas are enacted. But these are lives apart, poetic and impossible in the eager world itself, and in the stories of the witty and worldly *trouvères* the Blessed Virgin of the clerics is turned into a very different and more human figure. We see her debonnaire and compassionate, as the intermediary between sinning man and the higher powers, always screening the sinner; rescuing the thief on the gallows, helping the woman who has strayed, to hide her fault and deceive the clergy, playing a still stranger rôle in domestic dramas. But, while the ideal woman is mere personification of purity or impurity, we luckily get in the vivid writings of these productive centuries, some interesting and varied glimpses of a being more real as far as one can piece her together from the conflicting or hostile pictures drawn by her contemporaries. I am not making an apology for the woman of the Middle Age: I want to get at her, to reach to her through the mist of the centuries, through the fairy glamour of her poet-lover's songs, through the sarcasm of the cleric who feared and despised the sex that he could not know in heart and spirit, or rather knew only on one side—that side of her which his influence had formed or helped to mould. By aid of all these glimpses, and between these extremes of good and evil as her fellows chose to see her, I have tried to fashion a conception of the real creature in putting my two portraits before you. The white-skinned *châtelaine*, with her amorous eyes and rose-crowned head, drags her long robes of strange Eastern stuffs across the flower-embroidered meadows of old France, and is pictured in the verse by her minstrels—often mere servants of her

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caprice and pleasure. Pale Eve, unknown, unsung, hewn out of the stone by a nameless sculptor, stands in her niche among the carvings of the great cathedral with her face of eternal calm : she has eaten of the fruit of experience and bears evermore, unmoved, the pain at her heart that cannot be spoken. The Middle Age, tumultuous, brilliant, restless, passes on its way with battle and song and laughter and curses : a great life, many-coloured and productive ; men are born, wax famous, and do great deeds and are chronicled for their fellows, and for us who stand looking back and listening for that echo of the past through whose confused murmur ever and anon a sharp clear note strikes out. But the woman-voice is unheard, and in that changing multitude stand the silent throng whose fruit it is that grows to manhood, to wise words and bold deeds. We know nothing from their own lips of their inner life, their fears or hopes or ideals—they are well-nigh inscrutable. Legend, which in one breath tells of the queen who vows her child to death if her husband go not to war against France, in the next places the figure of our Griselda before us, the yearning wife and mother. It is Joan of Arc the armour-clad, the soldier, who stands in the saints' calendar, not Joan the maiden, tremulously questioning her saints with eyes dim with tears.

"Grisel is dede and eke her patience,  
And both at one's buried in Italye :"

sang Chaucer at the close of his tale. They lived, they died, what place shall the voiceless find in the chronicles of life?

## REVIEWS.

*Ruskin et la Bible.* By H. J. Brunhes. Paris: Perrin et Cie., 1901.

**I**T was not without fear and trembling that we opened this book. There is rather a tendency among readers of Ruskin, and writers about him, to pick out of his multitudinous thoughts and ever varying moods the thing they like, and to use it in support of pet theories, or the cause they have at heart. The title of this volume suggested dire possibilities of special pleading, of sermonizing and moralizing, if the author were some enthusiastic clergyman: or if he were one of the opposite sort, a hopeless confusion between Ruskin's intensely modern thought and strangely antique words. He used to object to the translation of his works, because, he said, nobody but English-bred readers would follow him; no foreigner would take his allusions to the English Bible and his appeals to English belief. How surprised he would have been at this book!

We understand that the initials of the author cover the collaboration of M. Jean Brunhes, Professor of Geography at the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, and Madame Brunhes, his wife. The wonder grows less when we know that it is in *la Suisse romande* that Ruskin and the Bible are so connected; for there, if anywhere abroad, the Apostle of the Alps and of "plain living and high thinking" ought to be appreciated, and there, even in the twentieth century, the Bible is a household book, as it used to be in England universally—still is, no doubt, more generally than progressive journalism leads the world to suppose. Professor and Madame Brunhes have set themselves the congenial task of showing how much Ruskin owed to the Bible, and how much—if we may put it so—the Bible owes to him. Many are criticizing it, many more are preaching from it; but he, they say, lived it and made it real, both to himself and his readers.



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They begin with a short account of his early training, in which the Bible was chief text-book. Then they show how closely his love of Nature was bound up in his strong religious feelings, unvaryingly strong throughout many phases of doctrinal conviction. His social and political teaching, which they rightly see to have developed out of his early work on the history of art, is shown to be based on his Bible-reading; and down to the end of it approximates more and more closely to the old plain rules of right and wrong set forth in Holy Writ. It is, of course, only one strand of the cord which they follow out, but they show its continuity and logical evolution. Another French writer, M. de la Sizeranne, in a book which has been very widely read and translated into many languages, took a different line, Ruskin's love of Beauty: but this is just as true, and quite as important, and the simple, straightforward way in which the story is told makes it a valuable reminder of a group of facts without which Ruskin would be gravely misunderstood.

The authors show great knowledge both of their subject and of the literature that has grown up around it. A few slight errors of detail which might be amended with the stroke of a pen may be noted: on page 36 for *Hooker* read *Wordsworth*: on page 87 the note about Ruskin's separation from his wife is based on a quite untrustworthy source; on page 155-156 his share in the linen industry seems to be exaggerated; on page 213, "ces jeunes garçons" should be "this class of little girls"; and on page 219 Brantwood is named as the place of Ruskin's grave, which, as all the readers of *Saint George* know, is at Coniston Church. But otherwise there is nothing to quarrel with. The many pieces of translation are well done, and the whole is written in easy, lucid French, which need not wait for an English dress to be read in many an English home, with gratitude and increasing kindliness to the Swiss authors and Parisian publishers who have given us so unexpected a token of their sympathy with Ruskin and the Bible.

## SAINT GEORGE.

*Studies in European Literature. The Taylorian Lectures at Oxford, 1889-1900. 7/6. London: H. Frowde.*



HE institution of these lectures was an interesting experiment, and the Curators have done well to publish them. Especially we may add as they have done it in so attractive a form, for both print and binding are admirable. The lectures themselves are by men of distinction, and will hardly disappoint the Curators' hope to further English interest in European literature. There is great variety both in the subjects treated, and in the methods and style of the authors: but this unevenness rather enhances the value of the book for utilising odd hours. Nor is the obvious criticism, that much of the work is of the same kind as articles in good reviews, very damaging: for the book does exactly the service of a first-rate literary review.

We do not propose (even if we had the space) to take up the task of criticising the critic: though that is what Prof. Dowden did in his opening lecture. Out of great stores of knowledge and sympathy, and with the clear and graceful style which has placed him perhaps at the head of our modern critics, he treats of the work and influence of some modern French critics; and in doing so gives us a little welcome insight into the mind of our neighbours. In describing the limitations to which purely national school of criticism condemned itself, as indeed every *merely* national school must, Prof. Dowden might have shown them in practice in the historical work of the strongest and most typical of its exponents, D. Nisard. For it would be true to say that the exclusively national point of view had seriously impaired the historical value of (for example) his delightful work *Renaissance et Réforme*. Turning to the other lectures, three of them are in French. One of them, that of M. A. Morel-Fatio, on the *Spain of Don Quixote* is a very sound and valuable piece of work, which will make our understanding of Cervantes' masterpiece much more intelligent.

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Both this and Paul Bourget's graceful eulogy of *Flaubert* are in easy French: we cannot say the same of Stéphane Mallarmé's *La Musique et les Lettres*. The natural difficulty of his style seems increased here by the fact that the eloquent language of gesture refuses us its help in print, and is hardly replaced by the explanatory notes. It is doubtful how far an author ought to push his demands on the co-operation of his reader's intelligence. Certainly those who can read his French will find not a little wisdom to reward them under its oracular disguise: and feel something of the secret of his influence.

Of the remaining seven, which are in English, we may mention as specially interesting, Walter Pater's account of *Prosper Mérimée*. It is a striking illustration of his critical power, if not a perfect specimen of his style. We seem to hear and feel the French element of his thought and style too plainly. Mr. H. R. F. Brown's *Paolo Sarpi* is a sound and scholarly article. Prof. Herford's name is sufficient guarantee of the same qualities in *Goethe's Italian Journey*. Mr. Rolleston's *Lessing and Modern German Literature* is none the less interesting for its discursiveness, nor Mr. Butler Clarke's *Spanish Rogue Story*, for the uncanny atmosphere into which it takes us. We have only left Prof. Ker's *Boccaccio*, and Mr. Rossetti's *Leopardi*, to be mentioned: studies of a most incongruous pair of Italians. Prof. Ker's article is slight and discursive, much of it is devoted to Petrarch. Mr. Rossetti did not succeed in deepening our somewhat languid interest in the unhappy depressing Leopardi.

The book is certainly one to be read by those who like to trace foreign influences or parallels in our literature, or to get a little light on the thoughts of other nations beside their own.

## SAINT GEORGE.

*The Industrial Revolution: C. A. Beard. With a preface by Prof. York Powell. 1/-. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 1901.*



HIS handy little book is of great value. In a hundred pages of clear simple English, it sums up the characteristics of the extraordinary change that has come over England since the end of the 18th century. There are very few things of more vital interest to all who believe in reform, than a right understanding and clear view of the chief features of this revolution, and no handbook we know so concise and sound. Another pleasant characteristic of it is the modesty and temperance of the author, which only confirms the high opinion we had already formed of his educational work and influence, and strengthens our confidence in the Ruskin Hall movement in Lancashire. Prof. York Powell's preface is a strong and sane message to democracy, putting with unmistakable and refreshing force the great lessons of reform that we have learnt in the main from Ruskin. But Mr. Beard's little book is far from a mere *résumé* of Ruskin, as we should expect. His main interest is in the mechanical side of progress, and his great hope in the constant development of man's inventive power: true to the traditions of the transatlantic branch of our race.

There is a full and well-chosen bibliography, to which we might perhaps add Mr. Hobson's *John Ruskin: Social Reformer*, and Dr. A. R. Wallace's *Wonderful Century*.

## NOTES.

### COSME COLONY.

We have had pleasure from time to time in calling attention to the progress of the gallant band of pioneers, who seven years ago founded the Cosme Colony in Paraguay. We now reprint the following interesting article, which appeared in a recent issue of their monthly paper :

### COSME IN 1894.

When Cosme started in '94, not even a London sandwichman would have left his gutter-tramping to join us. To all but ourselves the position seemed hopeless. We were homeless and landless, and lacking in tools, money and experience. We were however strong, healthy, earnest, full of faith, fairly stocked with grit, well supplied with ignorance and blessed with enough of English bull-dogism to hang on like grim death to what we had set ourselves to do. It was this that kept us together during the two months weary waiting for land ; that prevented any showing of the white feather when the hired wagons dumped us down with our scanty belongings on the desolate swampy fringe of monte where we started in the drizzling rain to build grass shelter-huts—our pioneer homes ; that prevented our gorge rising at the unvarying and nauseous diet of beans which preceded the hasty harvesting of our barely ripened first crop ; that kept our ranks unbroken in spite of the poverty that rang curfew every night for lack of lighting oil, and denied us many of the common necessities of common living. They were the days of rough work and primitive tools. With axe and fire the forest was cleared, with hoes the crops were planted and kept clean. The first communal oven was a hollowed-out ant-hill ; vines and bark were used for nails and string ; our grass-stuffed mattresses rested on sapling bedsteads. Through the heat of the sweltering summer we toiled, upborne and cheered by our fellowship and our thoughts of the future. Round the blazing camp fires we nightly chatted or danced on the open ground in the moonlight.

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We played cricket and chess, went ahunting and fishing, and found that pioneering had due share of simple pleasures. And though in spite of the few "comforts" served only to women and children, our wives did for a while thin and whiten in the face a bit, their smiles were none the fewer, their patience none the less lasting and their steps none the slower at the weekly dances. And how could men flinch at hardships which women bore without a murmur.

COSME IN  
1901.

It is more than six years since then, and Cosme hearts beat strong with hope for the future; a hope founded not only on longing and determination, but on successful effort and practical experience. Our position to-day is immensely superior to what it was when we started. To-day the plow teams go where then the hoes blunted on roots and tree stumps. Where in the early days the wolf laired, our village is building. Our nursery oranges have grown into fruitful groves. The weary crank-work of hand corn-grinding has been replaced by steam which also crushes our cane, dries our sugar and saws our timber. Our babies are not now born in tents, and present comfort is great by comparison with the past. Our labour is more effective; our crops yield double what they first did; our farming and general experience grow year by year.

Pioneer babies have grown into school age, and our healthy lives and conditions are reflected in their sturdy and happy childhood. The vigour of social life has only been bounded by our numbers and talents. We have built our own dancing hall, done our own playacting and singing, published our own newspapers, laid down our own cricket ground, fished in our streams and hunted in our own forests.

THE YEARS  
AHEAD.

What the future holds for this Cosme of ours, who can say? The foundation is here laid of a free and healthy commune, whose possibilities of development are

in our hands and in those of our kin across the seas who feel with us the sore need of such work and who have faith enough in us and grit enough in themselves to join with us in translating into actual livingness the longings and hopes of the social movement.

Cosme lands and property we hold not as our own to do with as we will, but as a sacred trust for the furtherance of living according to the Cosme ideal. And that ideal being healthy and true, in full accord with the best instincts of our race, and in complete harmony with the great laws of ascending life, we cannot fail while our feet keep set in the right way.

What Cosme is trying to do is gradually becoming known among English-speaking people. The press reports of Cosme failure and the rumours of disbandment which from time to time appear, will lose their effect as the years pass and our work continues. Few as we are, we are more than enough to keep the colony together; for we are more than ever encouraged and determined to keep right on with the work that has now become part of our lives. And being joined as we shall be by good comrades whether few or many, Cosme will in time grow to fitting proportions and show more clear than ever that with fellowship, life is well worth living.

DEAN PAGET'S  
HALLOWING  
OF WORK.

No doubt many of our readers are already familiar with Dean Paget's *Hallowing of Work* (Mowbray, Oxford, 1/6 nett). Those who are not will be grateful to us for bringing it to their notice. It is a collection of very short addresses to teachers, delivered at an Eton conference. A most helpful little book, especially to teachers: but not to them only, for it is instinct with comfort and inspiration to all those who have to work. It is very characteristic of the author, and will carry to those who have not come into contact with him, something of his strong and healthy influence.



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*THOUGHTS  
FROM RUSKIN.*

Mr. George Allen has issued an attractively printed little book containing *Thoughts from Ruskin*, chosen by Professor Henry Attwell, who also gives a short biographical sketch of Mr. Ruskin. The extracts given have been chosen with very great care, and the book will be an extremely useful one to place in the hands of people having no previous knowledge of Mr. Ruskin's teaching. It should induce them to read his books in their completeness.

## THE ST. GEORGE'S CREED.

*(Printed by direction of the Council of the Ruskin Union.)*

I.—I trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures visible and invisible.

I trust in the kindness of His law, and the goodness of His work.

And I will strive to love Him, and keep His law, and see His work, while I live.

II.—I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love.

And I will strive to love my neighbour as myself; and, even when I cannot, will act as if I did.

III.—I will labour, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread; and all that my hand finds to do, I will do with my might.

IV.—I will not deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor hurt, or cause to be hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor rob, or cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

V.—I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty, upon the earth.

VI.—I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and

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honour of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.

VII.—I will obey all the laws of my country faithfully; and the orders of its monarch, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its monarch, so far as such laws or commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God; and when they are not, or seem in anywise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately, not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence.

VIII.—And with the same faithfulness, and under the limits of the same obedience, which I render to the laws of my country, and the commands of its rulers, I will obey the laws of the Society called of St. George, into which I am this day received; and the orders of its masters, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its masters, so long as I remain a Companion, called of St. George.

(*Fors Clavigera*: Letter LVIII, undated, but issued for September, 1875.)  
(Original Edition, Vol. V, pp. 273-5.)

(This "statement of creed and resolution, which," say the immediately preceding words of the Letter, "must be written with their own hand, and signed, with the solemnity of a vow, by every person received into the St. George's Company," is introduced, with striking and, no doubt, intentional abruptness, in connection with some remarks Ruskin has just made on a well-known Collect, and its mis-translation or "adulteration" in our English Liturgy. The Latin form of the prayer is given at the head of the Letter, together with Ruskin's amended translation of it, as follows:

"Deus, a quo sancta desideria, recta consilia, et justa sunt opera, da servis tuis illam quam mundus dare non potest pacem, ut et corda nostra mandatis tuis, et, hostium sublata formidine, tempora, sint tuâ protectione tranquilla."

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"God, from whom are all holy desires, right counsels, and just works, give to Thy servants that peace which the world cannot, that both our hearts, in Thy commandments, and our times, the fear of enemies being taken away, may be calm under Thy guard.

He remarks that this Collect, though a Roman Catholic one, "contains nothing but absolutely Christian prayer, and is as fit for the most stammering Protestant lips as for Dante's:" and it seems that he intends us to perceive a connection between the aspirations it expresses and the profession of faith and resolve made by the Companions of St. George that he would point us, in fact, to the articles of their Creed as the best definition he can frame of those "holy desires, right counsels and just works" which are from God, and which, in the midst of a troubled and hostile world, are able to diffuse God's peace in the hearts of those who follow them.

*(Editor.)*

THE SOPHIA OF RUSKIN.  
WHAT WAS IT? AND HOW WAS IT REACHED?\*

By A. S. Mories.

**R**USKIN may be regarded from many points of view, and the shoal of estimates that have appeared since his death is ample testimony not only to his commanding place but to his manysidedness in the world of thought and letters. Parallels and contrasts have been drawn between him and the intellectual masters and literary dictators of Europe. And this carnival of criticism while in the main eulogistic has ranged down to the bitterest cynicism. Few men, it must be admitted, have in their day given the professional critic more ready handle for his congenial task—not merely because of the independence of his convictions and his fearlessness in expression, but because it is given to few men in a generation to touch their fellows at so many varied points. Very few serious attempts have been made to bring into its due prominence that feature of his genius and character from which spring not only the passionate fervour but the philosophic self-possession of all his work. Without understanding his religious attitude we cannot rightly estimate the man or his work. In the case of many men great in their own line of action, consideration of their religious attitude, so far as they had one, is of very little consequence as a help toward appreciating their contribution to the progress of their time. With Ruskin it is vital.

We may revel in external criticism, condemn him as an art critic, as an economist, as a social reformer, or as an educationist. But unless we take our stand with him for the moment at least in his own central position, we fail to estimate the real purport of his work. Dean Farrar's Birmingham address two years ago dealt with "Ruskin as a religious teacher," and did so, as was to be ex-

\* A paper read before the Ruskin Society of Glasgow, on 19th November, 1900.

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pected, with great appreciation and sympathy. Mrs. Meynell's book makes but one slight reference to it—while Mr. Pengelly's scrappy little volume hardly counts as an estimate at all. What I aim at here is not so much to emphasise the fact that Ruskin *was* a deeply religious teacher, as to look at his own indication of how he reached the serene faith which was so distinctive an element in his life and character and work.

The Sophia of Ruskin, what I venture to call the final word of his whole philosophy, was no mere impulse of sentiment, it was not merely the instinctive optimism of his naturally religious spirit. Neither did it spring as a matter of course from his early Christian training. The latter may have disposed him to a believing habit of mind; yet his was the reasoned conviction of a thinker, the hard-won attitude of a strong self-abandoning spirit. It will therefore bear, as well as repay, careful examination. Unless we bear in mind this fundamental attitude of Ruskin, the passionate outbursts and stirring suggestive "asides" which so abound throughout his writings become so many ill-timed rhapsodies, instead of as they often are, serious expressions of his governing ideas. How thoroughly dominant this sophia became with him we shall better understand if we look first at the process by which he reached it.

In his progress towards spiritual maturity three intelligible stages can be traced.

There was first the "Kata Phusin" stage, otherwise the stage of youth and early manhood. The youth of Ruskin was an exceptional youth, not so much in the advantages he enjoyed, though these were many, as in the precocious keenness of its outlook and the fulness of its vision. He has left one passage in which he actually describes the state of his mind and spirit before the reflective and practical power gained the sway.

"Although there was no definite religious sentiment mingled with it there was a continual perception of sanctity in the whole of nature, from the slightest thing to the vastest—an instinctive awe, mixed with

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delight; an indefinable thrill such as one sometimes imagines to indicate the presence of a disembodied spirit.

I could only feel this perfectly when alone; and then it would often make me shiver from head to foot with the joy and fear of it, and this joy in nature seemed to me to come as a sort of heart-hunger, satisfied with a great and holy spirit. These feelings remained in their full intensity till I was eighteen or twenty, and then as the reflective and practical power increased and the cares of the world gained upon me, faded gradually away in the manner described by Wordsworth in his *Intimations of Immortality*."—*Modern Painters*, Part IV., Chap. 17.

In this way he passed gradually into the *second stage* in which he ripened intellectually, absorbing greedily the great thoughts of the world's thinkers. He was moving towards what he calls the moulting-time of his life and learning to stand more alone than before. From this point on it is absolutely necessary to bear in mind that in all he thought or wrote, Ruskin whatever else he was, was a strong analytical thinker.

And analysis, when it stands alone, tends to scepticism. Mill lamented at a critical stage in his development that his mind had become "irretrievably analytic," and Mill never quite rose above the tendency. Mazzini declared of Ruskin that he had "the most analytic mind in Europe." It is this fact that makes Ruskin's conclusions all the more noteworthy and helpful. For we must bear in mind that his analytical powers if allowed complete control, would have led him no further than the position of Comte, Mill and Spencer.

This is the period in his mental history when as a matter of intellectual conviction it was quite a moot point whether he would blossom into and remain a helpless Agnostic, or become, as he did, one of the greatest champions of free reverent Christian thought. For, side by side with his intellectual growth there had lain in his soul a comparatively silent unreflecting acquiescence in the Protestant Evangelical doctrine in which he had been reared. Not only had doubt not troubled him as to the truth of his creed,



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his mother-law of Protestantism, but he was characteristically strong in its assertion. And these two influences could not long live together in peace, in a mind like his. As a matter of fact he was between 30 and 40 years of age before the rupture took place.

He does not himself refer much in detail to the working of his mind at this stage. And this was no doubt wisely meant. For it does not tend to general edification for a man who is conscious of a teaching mission to talk much of the mental difficulties he has passed through before he reached his final convictions. But there are many to whom such an indication as Ruskin has given is of real value. For it shows us why a strong discerning spirit like his could not permanently live, as many do, in mere Agnosticism.

And it is surely legitimate in us who reverence the man, to have our attention now and again directed to that of which he himself made no secret. Mr. Stillman who lived and travelled with him, tells in his Autobiography (in the *Atlantic Magazine*) of one interesting discussion they had in Switzerland about this time, which illustrates this process. It was on the supposed authority for the transference of the weekly rest from the seventh to the first day of the week.

"To this demonstration Ruskin, always deferent to the literal interpretation of the gospel, could not make a defence. His creed had so bound him to the letter that the least enlargement of the stricture broke it, and he rejected not only the tradition of the Sunday Sabbath, but the whole of the ecclesiastical interpretation of the texts. He said: "If they have deceived me in this, they have probably deceived me in all." This I had not conceived as a possible consequence of the criticism of his creed, and it gave me great pain, for I was not a sceptic, as I have since learned he for a time became. It was useless to argue with him for the spirit of the gospel—he had always held to its infallibility and the exactitude of doctrine, and his indignation was too strong to be pacified. . . . For myself I was still a sincere believer in the substantial accuracy of the body of Christian doctrine, and the revolt of Ruskin from it hurt me deeply. My own liberation from the burthens of futile beliefs had yet to come."

All that Collingwood has to say of this intercourse with Mr.

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Stillman is that Ruskin was "feeling for the first time to a serious degree the morbid depression which some of his letters of the period indicate." But Collingwood does not seem to have quite fathomed Ruskin's intellectual attitude to religion, and can only speak of his "heretical attitude" as being "singular," which is no doubt a true but not an enlightening remark. Indeed he allows himself to say that Ruskin's "life has been spoiled by his continual attempts to substitute a Christianity of his own for the Church of England," (II p 221), which is still further proof of Collingwood's failure quite to understand the philosophical soundness of Ruskin's position in this respect.

The dissatisfaction of this period must have spread itself steadily over the more positive features of his early creed. And we cannot consider the incident of the Piedmontese preacher\* as anything more than the flash which betrayed the final encounter of these two opposing mental currents. The analytic instinct would take no denial. Even his religious faith must appear at least to go and a new and firmer basis be sought. He was "*converted inside out.*"

The incident reads harshly, but remember what he felt was at stake in his mind. This period was the true intellectual struggle of his life. Nevertheless, as Mr. Stillman says, "The years which followed showed that in no essential trait had the religious foundation of his *character* been moved." But, at all hazards and in some form, an independent mind must effect a reconciliation between its reason and its faith. That reconciliation may mean humility to the intellect and modesty to faith, but to both it will teach absolute sincerity and openness. And who can question these traits in the mind of Ruskin? The stronger the mind the more violent is this struggle. The result of it in Ruskin's case is recorded in language so clear that the process by which he finally reached it is apparent to any reflecting reader.

I have said that at this period it was quite a moot question whether he would remain a helpless Agnostic. Intellectually,

\* *Præterita*, vol. iii, s. 23.

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indeed, he did so. If you doubt it, listen to this from his Lectures on Art, 1870. (Lect. ii, §38).

"The pure forms or states or religion hitherto known are those in which a healthy humanity finding in itself many foibles and sins, has *imagined or been made conscious of* the existence of higher spiritual personality liable to no such fault or strain, and has been assisted in effort and consoled in pain by reference to the will or sympathy of such pure spirits *whether imagined or real*. I am compelled—he continues—to use these painful latitudes of expression because no analysis has hitherto sufficed to distinguish accurately in historical narrative between impressions resulting from the imagination of the worshipper, and those made *if any* by the actually local and temporary presence of another spirit."

These sentences bear the clear marks of care and deliberation. They are a calm frank admission of the Agnostic impasse, and show us that the intellectual attitude towards unseen things, which he had reached through struggle and almost despair, was one which he never found it possible to alter, and could and did make clear when occasion required. The analysis is not applied in detail to particular events or doctrines, except where he says elsewhere of the story of the Nativity, that "it relates either a fact full of power or a dream full of meaning. . . . the record of an *impression* made by some strange spiritual cause on the minds of the human race at the most critical period of their existence—an *impression* which has produced in past ages the greatest effect on mankind ever yet achieved by an *intellectual conception*—and which is yet to guide, by the determination of its truth or falsehood, the absolute destiny of ages to come." (*Fors*, Letter xii, p. 3.) There is no blinking of the problem. His intellect refuses to go one inch beyond what it can securely grasp. It is remarkable indeed how *often* this carefully defined attitude is maintained even in his most serious moments.

"You will find (he says) that entirely true knowledge is both possible and necessary, first of facts relating to matter, then of forces that act on or in matter; that of all these forces the noblest we can know

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is the energy which *either imagines or perceives* the existence of a living power greater than its own, and that the study of the relations which exist between this energy and the resultant action of men are as much subject of pure science as the curve of a projectile." *Eagle's Nest*, 1872, p. 67.

That is to say, for aught that intellectual analysis alone can tell, the very existence of a spiritual world may be but a myth of the imagination. It is the old alternative that Browning puts into the mouth of the dying St. John; though to the Apostle the change is equally fact, and of God's working, whether wrought in our minds or in phenomena—

"I say that miracle was duly wrought,  
When save for it, no faith was possible.  
Whether a change were wrought i' the shows o' the world,  
Whether the change came from our minds, which see  
Of shows o' the world so much as and no more,  
Than God wills for his purpose . . . .  
. . . . I know not; such was the effect,  
So faith grew, . . . . ."

And if Ruskin had never got beyond the purely intellectual attitude, what a recruit for the Agnostics he would have made! Almost he might have effected the impossible, and infused fervour into that pale simulacrum of a working faith! Frederic Harrison has fervour but he has schooled himself by long intellectual asceticism into the deliberate restraint of his spiritual affection. Ruskin, if we could conceive of him as merely an Agnostic, would have come near to redeem and glorify even such a creed. He would have breathed such life into it that like Pygmalion's statue, that dry creation of the intellect would have almost become a living faith. A Boston admirer of Emerson said of him, after his death, when told that his friend, the heretical thinker had gone to Hell, "If he has, he will change the climate there, and emigration will set in that direction." So would the climate of Agnosticism have fared at Ruskin's hands.

With all its intellectual brilliance it is, after all, a superficial

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philosophy. It deals with appearances and logical sequences, and glories in confining itself to these. It refuses to go down to the roots of things from which alone can the spirit of man draw lasting satisfaction. What then was it that carried him so triumphantly over this intellectual chasm? When this acute analytical intellect of his, after the most careful and exhaustive effort, found itself in a logical *cul de sac*, what still urged him on? Just that which urges on every clear-thinking reverent man. He felt and knew that this was not a satisfactory resting place for the human spirit. It was nothing short of the accumulated bent of his whole nature that made him see the universe as a hopeless riddle unless it were the visible semblance of a hidden glory.

"Man's use and function (he said) and let him who will not grant me this follow me no further, for this I purpose always to *assume*—is, to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness."—*Modern Painters*, Vol. II, Chap. i, sec. 4, 1846.

This passage supplies us in passing, with an interesting biographical sidelight. He does not call attention to it in so many words. But can any Scotsman doubt that these words are not only suggested by, but almost a transcript of the time-honoured and masterly answer to the first question of our Shorter Catechism, with which he had been familiar.

"Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever."

And indeed it was this *habit* of faith, instilled in infancy, that proved too strong for the principle of doubt. It seems as though, *pari passu* with the crumbling of the dogmatic edifice, there rose within him more potent, more insistent, and more wide-reaching than ever, the conviction of external spiritual Power, at the fulness of Whose nature man can but grope, but of Whose wisdom and beneficence he cannot rest in doubt. The passage just quoted shows us, too, that in the last resort he was not afraid to call the final grasp of God by the human spirit an *assumption*, so far as the

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intellect is concerned. Note again by what broad lines of thought he moves, and how the instinct which he shares with "all nations" enables him to rise out of this impracticable Agnostic attitude to the consciousness of a great "Creative wisdom" that makes all things intelligible.

"It does not matter (he says) in the least by what concurrences of circumstance or necessity these divisions and powers of plants may gradually have been developed. The concurrence of circumstance is itself the Supreme and inexplicable fact—we always come at last to a formative cause which directs the circumstance and mode of meeting it. The sum of all is that over the entire surface of the earth and its waters, as influenced by the power of the air under solar light, there is developed a series of changing forms in clouds, plants, and animals, all of which have reference in their action or nature to the human intelligence that perceives them—and on which in their aspects of horror and beauty, and their qualities of good and evil, there is engraved a series of myths or words of the forming Power, which according to the true passion and energy of the human race, they have been enabled to read into religion.

And this forming Power has been by all nations partly confused with the breath or air through which it acts, and partly understood as a creative wisdom, proceeding from the Supreme Deity; but entering into and inspiring all intelligences that work in harmony with Him. And whatever intellectual results may be in modern days obtained by regarding this effluence only as a motion or vibration, every formative human art hitherto, and the best states of human happiness and order have depended on the apprehension of its mystery which is certain, and of its personality, which is *probable*." *Queen of the Air* (1869), ss. 88, 89.

That is to say, *solvitur ambulando*, the noblest individual and national lives have been lived by the faith of it.

The most correct description of Ruskin's attitude is to say that he was *intellectually an Agnostic*, and *spiritually a Mystic*—but his spiritual perception was to his intellectual convictions as high noon to early dawn, as the open vision of a seer to the timid groping of a blind man.

He delighted in the penetrative power of the analytical intellect,  
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but he knew its limits and rose beyond them by the exercise of that God-given instinct—call it what we will—which he shared with all nations. He called Carlyle his master, and Carlyle, *so far as he went*, occupied much the same position. He spoke of the Immensities and Eternities, and bowed with profoundest reverence at the thought of them. And in the face of the Utilitarianism of his day there was to be a never-to-be-forgotten service. But he only entered the Vestibule. He never could bring himself into the real Presence. Ruskin pressed forward into the temple itself. Probably his position may be best described by saying that these three modern thinkers—Spencer, Carlyle, and Ruskin—typical as they are of XIX Century thought, stand, in their religious attitude, in an ascending ratio, with Ruskin as the highest term. Spencer, to his credit be it said, reaches through all his analysis to a final synthesis. It is a painfully cautious and restricted one; but his intellect does bring him into a kind of contact with God. Carlyle's whole soul was on fire with the God-Consciousness. He stormed and fumed at mere analysis, and rose triumphant over it all. Ruskin combined the gifts of both and added a grace and a deep peace to his faith to which Carlyle was a stranger, and to which Spencer makes no pretension. The timid conclusions of Spencer were not enough for Ruskin. When intellectual analysis had done its utmost, his essentially constructive mind saw beyond its last word and rose into a true faith.

Ruskin in short found in himself and in all nature one great transcendent reason for faith in the existence and moral character of God. In this he was at one with Emerson and such as he. But Emerson's intuitive mind knew nothing of the mental harassment to which Ruskin's analytical instinct exposed him. Emerson was once challenged to a public discussion on some of his pulpit utterances.

"I could not possibly give you (he said) one of the arguments you cruelly hint at on which any doctrine of mine stands. I don't know what arguments are in reference to any expression of thought. I de-



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light in telling what I think, but if you ask me why I dare say so or why it is so, I am the most helpless of mortal men."

And yet the "proof" that satisfies such men is based not on fancy but on solid fact. It is but the philosophical form of the truth which Scripture treats pictorially. "Man made in the image of God" and therefore the best proof of the nature of God.

This is the real point of departure between Spencer and Ruskin. Up to this point these two thinkers are in almost complete agreement. It is very striking, for instance, to notice how even when Ruskin is speaking in the most solemn and careful manner Supreme Deity this rooted intellectual Agnosticism of his is never quite forgotten. He speaks of "its mystery, which is certain" and there he is in line with Spencer as with every intelligent person, but also of "its personality which *is probable*." That of course is a statement, cautious though it be, which Spencer would not venture to use. But when we call to mind that at this crucial point Spencer himself maintains that "the choice is not between personality and something lower than personality, but between personality and something higher," we see at once how both are grasping at a truth which it is beyond the power of man to define or conceive. For who can find out the Almighty to perfection? The unaided intellect can never attain to this "evidence of things not seen." And yet Spencer speaks of "that analysis of knowledge which forces us to Agnosticism, yet continually prompts us to imagine some solution of the great enigma which we know cannot be solved."

And the question that is of real interest from our standpoint is this. Did John Ruskin profess to find an equally reliable basis for his spiritual faith as for his other beliefs? Did he profess to be equally sure of his ground when he spoke so confidently of the nature and character of God as when he analysed the commonest natural object? We have seen that he claimed as real a ground for the one as for the other. Spencer himself makes his whole philosophy issue in a demonstration, beyond the power of logic to

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challenge, of the existence of an "Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." But if, as he declares, that Infinite Power so works on the myriads of men as to absolutely satisfy us of His *existence*, is it rational to suppose that His working on us is confined to so colourless a suggestion as that? If, as Spencer says, Force as known in consciousness is the correlative of the Divine Energy beyond consciousness, why are not *Moral Force*, *Spiritual* insight, "admiration, hope and love," in short, correlatives of an Infinite Eternal *Spiritual* Energy beyond consciousness? If Power, as Mill argues, is to be taken as a true expression of the similar but Infinite Power, why may not Goodness?

It would hardly be fair to say that it was on the strength of this purely intellectual process that Ruskin rose into his final spiritual atmosphere. That process may be legitimately used to justify the result to the intellect. It could never produce it in the spirit. That would be for the pedestrian to continue his journey beyond the edge of the precipice—to attempt to enter an atmosphere where rarer powers must be called into play. It is here that the higher form of what Ruskin calls *THEORIA* comes into action—that "highest faculty of the human mind, toiling in the presence of things that cannot be dealt with by any other power." And note how closely this power of the human spirit is bound up with the moral feelings.

"The operation of the right moral feelings on the intellect, is always for the good of the latter, for *it is not possible that selfishness should reason rightly in any respect*, but must be blind in its estimation of the worthiness of all things . . . the great reasoners are self-command and trust unagitated, and deep-looking Love, and Faith, which as she is above Reason, so she best holds the reins of it from her high seat. So that they err grossly who think of the right development of the intellectual type as possible, unless we look to higher sources of beauty first. Nevertheless though in their operation upon them, the moral feelings are thus elevatory of the mental faculties, yet in their conjunction with them they seem to occupy in their own fulness such room as to absorb and overshadow all else. So that the simultaneous

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exercise of both is, in a sort impossible—for which cause we occasionally find the moral part in full development and action without corresponding expanding of the intellect (though never without healthy condition of it) as in that of Wordsworth :

‘In such high hour,  
Of visitation from the Living God  
Thought was not.’”

And, proceeding in this same passage, notice Ruskin's dominating analysis, and how discerning and penetrative it really is everywhere.

“Only I think,” he adds, “that if we look far enough we shall find that it is not intelligence itself, but the immediate act and effect of a laborious struggling and imperfect intellectual faculty with which high moral emotion is inconsistent—and that though we cannot while we feel deeply, reason shrewdly, yet I doubt if *except* when we feel deeply, we can ever comprehend fully. So that it is only the climbing and mole-like piercing, and not the sitting upon their central throne, nor emergence into light, of the intellectual faculties which the full heart-feeling allows not.”—*Modern Painters*, Vol. II., Chap. xiv, sec. 5.

We have here treated his analytical and his intuitive powers as quite separate things. But of course in no strong man should these be too sharply distinguished. They are complementary, not opposed. His treatment of Art in every form is a case in point. Analysis and Intuition go hand in hand. What are all the details of his Architectural teaching but mere intellectual gymnastics compared with the moral insight of the writer? The analysis in the Chapter on the Nature of Gothic, though doubtless like all else open to detailed criticism is, in virtue of its moral insight, a philosophical contribution of permanent value in the biography of human thought. It is this feature in his writings that probably more than any other gives him his place among the classics of the world. This is a vein of thought that can be translated into any tongue, reproduced in any intellectual dialect, without losing its identity or its power. And this is the real test and distinction of a classical writer. This is the spiritual instinct, in-

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tuitive power, imagination penetrative, call it what we will, which enables him to see in any objective work of man the root elements of character that underlay and prompted it.

It would only weary the reader to quote at length from the Chapter I have referred to. Ruskin puts what I mean very briefly elsewhere.

"In these books of mine," he says, "their distinctive character as Essays on Art is their bringing everything to a root in human passion or human hope. . . . Every principle of painting which I have stated is traced to some vital or spiritual fact; and in my work on Architecture the preference accorded finally to one school over another is founded on a comparison of their influences on the life of the workman, a question by all other writers on the subject of Architecture wholly forgotten or despised."—*Modern Painters*, part IX, cap. i, s. 7.

Or again in *Queen of the Air*, sec. 102-4.

"When once you have learned how to spell these most precious or all legends—pictures and buildings—you may read the character of men and of nations in their art as in a mirror—nay, as in a microscope, and magnified a hundredfold—for the character becomes passionate in the art, and intensifies itself in all its noblest or meanest delights. Nay, not only as in a microscope but as under a scalpel and in dissection—for a man may hide himself from you every other way—but he cannot in his work—there, be sure—you have him to the inmost—all that he likes, all that he sees, all that he can do—his imagination, his affection, his perseverance, his impatience, his clumsiness, his clearness, everything is there."

Is it surprising that an attitude of spirit such as this enabled him to push on past the non-essentials of the popular faith and, in his own graphic phrase, "*to seize Christianity by the heart*," and deal ever after with its essence? Surely not! Ruskin was at this time face to face with the special temptation that so assails the cultured intellects of our day, and that more fiercely than ever before. Faber says somewhere that at some moment of life God looks in the face every soul whom He has made, even the humblest, and puts to him in one form or another the unfailing appeal whose answer humanly speaking decides his fate. So with philosophically

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trained minds. At some point or another, early or late, if there is any depth of soil in the man's nature, that mute appeal of the Divine Spirit is made, and the man is called to decide whether he will remain a starveling on his intellectual fare, or claim his birth-right as a spiritual being, and by laying hold of the true sophia, become in some measure at least, what Saint Paul does not scruple to call a "partaker of the divine nature." Ruskin answered the appeal with the whole force of his being, and we are his debtors thereby for all time.

"For peaks that hold communion with the stars  
And behold always the great face of Nature  
Are vanguard for the vale in thund'ry wars.  
By them deep soil and quickening streams are given  
And the high soul in coldest solitude  
Is but beside himself *for others' sake*.  
He bears for them the agitation rude  
Of sternest thought. Unknowing they partake  
The fruit of toil far off, unseen; and here,  
Proud thinker, may'st thou seek a thought to chger!"\*

In what then did he find this essence to consist?

"In its deepest truth," as he says, "it is as old as Christianity. 'This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them.' And it was the most distinctive character of Christianity. Here was a new, astonishing religion indeed. One had heard before of righteousness—never before of mercy to sin or fellowship with it. . . . Mercy, misericordia, it does not in the least mean forgiveness of sins, means pity of sorrows. In that very instance which the Evangelicals are so fond of quoting—the adultery of David—it is not the passion for which he is to be judged, but the *want* of passion—the *want* of pity. *This* he is to judge himself, for by his own mouth 'As the Lord liveth the man that hath done this thing shall surely die—because he hath done this thing, and because *he had no pity*.' And you will find, alike throughout the record of the Law and the promises of the Gospel, that there is indeed forgiveness with God and Christ, for the passing sins of the hot heart, but none for the inherent sin of the cold. 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' Find it you written

\* Sonnet by A. J. Scott.

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anywhere that the unmerciful shall? 'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much.' But have you record of any one's sins being forgiven who loved not at all?" *For* IV, Sec. 126.

It is this essence of Christianity which is the sophia of Ruskin as it was that of Jesus—the sovereign legend of Pity, as John Morley calls it.

That Ruskin should apply his power of analysis to religion as to every other form of human thought was inevitable. It is the process to which every system of thought in religion, philosophy or politics has to submit, that prefers a claim to rule the human mind. The one demand of every powerful mind is for the unification of thought. From the purely critical point of view as well as from the spiritual, the central principle of Christianity he saw to be the apotheosis of unselfishness. In the long run all Christian doctrine runs up into this. Its conceptions of duty, both towards God and man are founded on this. And surely no greater compliment can be paid to our Christian faith, than just this, that it sees deeper into the nature of things than any other religion the world has ever seen. That it feels, as it were by instinct, that its Founder at least saw and knew and witnessed with his life that Love was Lord of all. And no more penetrating human philosophy has yet been heard of than this Christian philosophy that is content to base its whole claim on its perception of this truth that Love is the one Master force of the Universe, that it not only binds human society and keeps it alive and progressive, but that it literally keeps the stars and all the worlds in their place.

It is when we realise how near Herbert Spencer stands to the perception of this truth, how hopelessly he keeps his spirit short of it—and on the contrary, how confidently but not without painful effort Ruskin entered into its possession, and made it the spring of all his thoughts and life, that we feel what a problem is the human spirit, what possibilities lie hid in it; what distortions it is capable of—what height of enjoyment is within its reach, and how easily and simply and without conscious moral failure it may

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deprive itself of that joy. Depend upon it, just as the tossing sea never fails to respond to the orb of night, just as every, the smallest, particle of matter in the solar system is increasingly drawn to the great centre of it all, so surely does the unencumbered human spirit come to feel the presence and own the sway of Him "of whom and through whom and to whom are all things."

And there are those who even here, like Ruskin, *live* most truly in the unseen, not by any mere imaginative anticipation of the future but by habitual imaginative participation in the great moving forces of the spiritual life.

The fact is, there are two mental types that will outlive the race. The one type (to use the words of James Darmsteter) "refuses to form morality out of the order of things, but hangs it so to speak from the edge of a star." The other is never more at rest than in its consciousness of that divine order and permeating presence which are the inspiration and guarantee of all that is noble in human life. It is in an attitude such as this that Ruskin stood almost supreme. For he not only felt it and taught it, like our strongest seers, but he lived it out.

This living it out is indeed the main secret of his power over our hearts. It is this power of sympathy which renders him also a profounder moralist than his fellows. Pure morality cannot be imposed *ex cathedrâ*. George Eliot wrote of herself "Every kind of love that comes near me does me unspeakable good."

So Ruskin to his "working" readers.

"You can scarcely at present, having been all your lives hitherto struggling for security of mere existence, imagine the peace of heart which follows the casting out of the element of selfishness as the root of action—but it is peace observe only, that is promised to you, not at all necessarily or permanently joy." *For* VII, 185.

And again—

"This respect for the feelings of others this understanding of our duty towards others is a much higher thing than the love of stars. It is an imaginative knowledge not of balls of fire, or differences of



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space, but of the feelings of living creatures and of the forces of duty by which they justly move. This is a knowledge or perception therefore of a thing more surpassing and marvellous than the stars themselves and the grasp of it is reached by a higher sophia." *Eagle's Nest*, s. 27.

Indeed this sophia so engrained itself into his nature that he elsewhere speaks of it as a *faculty*, though the word is used somewhat metaphorically.

"The faculty" he calls it, "which recognises in all things their bearing on life, on the entire sum of life that we know."

This definition is in strict accord with his practical instinct. The ideal, with him, must be brought into relation with life and action. Here in what we may regard as the locus classicus on this subject he calls it 'a form of thought.'

"I tell you what you will find ultimately to be true, that Sophia is the form of thought which makes common sense unselfish, knowledge unselfish, art unselfish, and wit and imagination unselfish." *Eagle's Nest*, § 29.

And are not all religion art and philosophy together summed up in these simple but pregnant words of Ruskin's?

"To live is nothing, unless to live be to know Him by whom we live."—*Modern Painters*, III, c. 1.

Do not all our spiritual seers strike the same rich note? "This is life eternal to know Thee." *John* xvii, 3.

It is in thoughts such as these that we have the secret of his power among us, as well as the *vera causa* of his clear consistent thinking—a mind strong, pure, and at rest. This is a Sophia to which the most subtle of the ancient sophists were altogether strangers.

Even in his early years, when his utterance if not more musical was often rhythmical, he sounded the same note. His riper years only confirmed to the intellect what his early spiritual instincts assured him was true. He wrote at that early stage what would

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pass for an expanded refrain from his favourite Dante's well-known line "L'amor que muove il sole el'altre stelle."

"God guides the stars their wandering way,  
He seems to cast their courses free.  
But binds unto himself for aye.  
And all their chains are Charitie.  
When first he stretched the signed Zone  
And heaped the hills and barred the sea.  
Then Wisdom sat beside His throne,  
But His own word was Charitie."

This Sophia then, which makes common sense unselfish, knowledge unselfish, art unselfish, and wit and imagination unselfish,—he modestly calls "a form of thought." His own description of it shows that he means by this "form of thought" an attitude of the spirit. And this attitude of the spirit he always shows to be based on and springing from a perception of its type in God.

It is noticeable, for instance, how when speaking of Art proper, Ruskin insists on what he calls "a portal of escape into the infinite."

"The painter of interiors" he says "feels like a caged bird unless he can throw a window open, or set the door ajar. The Landscapist dare not lose himself in the forest, without a gleam of light under its farthest branches; nor ventures out in rain, unless he may somewhere pierce to a better promise in the distance, or cling to some closing gap of varying blue above—escape, hope, infinity, by whatever conventionalism sought, the desire is the same in all, the instinct constant."—*Modern Painters*, Part III., Cap. 5, s. 8.

The very same idea governs and colours all Ruskin's philosophy, whether of art or life or thought. He is continually running up into the infinite. The finite in all forms discloses not its meaning to him till he links it on to its source in the Divine mind.

And it is striking to notice how the strongest and most independent thinkers, even when they deliberately eschew all trace of Christian Doctrine, reach what is essentially the same conclusion. Even Herbert Spencer stumbles, if we may say so, on the same

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profound truth, though as a piece of pure philosophy. For he uses the remarkable words that the Ultimate Power of the Universe is the *same* as that which "wells up in ourselves under the form of consciousness."

And whether we find him insisting on it or not, this escape into the infinite is Ruskin's constant delight.

For example, again, he is discoursing of Typical Beauty and this is how he proceeds.

"The appearance of isolation or separation in anything, and of self dependence, is an appearance of imperfection; and all appearances of connection and brotherhood are pleasant and right, both as significative of perfection in the things united, and as typical of that Unity which we attribute to God; that Unity which consists not in His own singleness or separation, but in the *necessity of His inherence in all things that be*, without which no creature of any kind could hold existence for a moment. Which necessity of Divine Essence I think it better to speak of as *Comprehensiveness*, than as Unity.—*Modern Painters*, III., Chap. 6.

The true Sophia is thus seen to be but the human analogue—the direct human expression of that *necessity of the Divine Essence* which Ruskin sees exemplified not only in the act of creation but in every manifestation of God that fills the Universe. All the vicissitudes of individual and national life are but eddies and gusts in the steady tradewinds of God's eternal purpose.

"God's clover we and feed His course of things,  
The pasture is God's pasture—systems strange  
Of food and fibrement He hath, whereby  
The general brawn is built for plans of His,  
To quality precise."

Needless to say, the spiritual essence of this Sophia is no mere luxury of refined cultivated imaginative souls like himself. Of what value were such a luxury to a world hungry for living bread and with no appetite for luxuries of the imagination? Probably three-fourths of the human race are condemned to a round of hard, unrelenting toil and scanty leisure, with inherited propensities and

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daily temptations that seem to laugh to scorn the possibility of a higher life.

"Stolid and stunned, and brothers to the ox,  
Through their dread shapes, humanity betrayed  
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,  
Cries protest to the judges of the world,  
A protest that is also prophecy."

Are these unnumbered souls to be looked on as moral failures so far as this life's education is concerned? Ruskin would be the last man to say so. *Fors Clavigera* is sufficient proof, though unfortunately it could reach only the élite of them. Must moral evolution be always a conscious process? always laid bare to the cold analysis of the intellect? Surely not. There is a whole range of God's richest teachers in the patient submissive self-forgetting virtues that silently hallow the common lot of toiling humanity. As Mr. Lecky says in his *Map of Life*, Chap. IV, p. 34.

"What fine examples of self-sacrifice, quiet courage, resignation in misfortune, patient performance of public duty, magnanimity and forgiveness under injury, may be often found among those who are intellectually the most commonplace!"

Was it not just the simple human virtues and instincts that Jesus himself constantly appealed to and recognised as the very soil of the Kingdom of Heaven? And shall not all uncomplaining sorrow and suffering find themselves to their own amazement transmuted at last by God's own alchemy into wondrous powers of sympathy and even adoration? find themselves, in short, docile disciples of a Sophia compared to which all "the wisdom of the world" is but blank ignorance?"

Ruskin's insight even if it stood alone is enough to stamp him as an original spiritual thinker. But it does not stand alone. It is accompanied by something that infinitely surpasses all mere faculty, as we call it, of every kind. His spiritual power over his readers is the fruit of that whole-hearted abandonment of self—that complete surrender to the dictates of his conscience, that amid

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all his unrelenting self-assertion, leave him in the essentials of the spiritual life "as a little child."

His spirit beat in tune with the spiritual pulse of the universe. He speaks himself of Dante's spiritual perception as "inconceivable except as a form of inspiration," and the same may be said of his own rich power and gift. For what is inspiration if not just this glowing sympathy with divine things and its accompanying clearness of vision, intellectual, moral and spiritual, that are so apparent in all his work? He so blended the spiritual and the material that, as was well said of him

"He compelled the attention of multitudes of readers and listeners who, thinking they were being educated in art, were really being saturated with ethics, poetry and the humanities."

This Sophia then, that is within the reach of gentle and simple alike, that is only dormant in the heart of the sinner, and alive and active in that of the saint, is just the spirit of self-sacrifice, which is ever working at the heart of the universe itself. It is the Sophia of Ruskin because it is that of God Himself, and it is Ruskin's abiding legacy to his fellow men.

## NOTES ON *SESAME AND LILIES*.

[continued.]

By the Reverend J. B. Booth.

12.\* IF YOU WILL NOT RISE TO US, WE CANNOT STOOP TO YOU: How little of this sort of writing is sold, and why you and I do not buy and read more of it, are questions of importance.

15. LOOKING INTENSELY AT WORDS, ETC.: Most valuable advice.

CANAILLE—"rabble"—of low origin (French).

NOBLESSE—nobility—peerage—(French).

16. FALSE QUANTITY: The mistake of giving to one syllable the emphasis or accent which belongs to another, or of pronouncing a vowel with its long sound instead of its short sound, or vice versa: *e.g.*, to pronounce the English word "impious" as if it were "im-*piè*-ous" is to make a "false quantity."

MASKED WORDS, ETC.: A few examples (out of hundreds) may help to make the meaning clearer still. "One man's opinion is as good as another's." "Every man has a right to his opinion." "The liberty of the subject should not be interfered with." "England is a free country and a man may say what he likes." "Britons never shall be slaves." "All men are born equal." "It doesn't matter what a man believes." For further examples see, *e.g.*, the newspapers—*ad libitum*.

CHAMAELEON CLOAKS—"GROUNDLION" CLOAKS: The word being really Greek and meaning "on-the-ground lion." The changes of colour which this small reptile (of the lizard tribe) undergoes, are attributable either to the action of the oxygen of the air (of which its singularly large lungs enable it to inspire a great deal) on the fluids of the body, or to the action of the light on its nervous system.

\* The number at the beginning of each note is that of the particular section of the work in which the cited word or words are found.

NOTES ON "SESAME AND LILIES."

17. MONGREL IN BREED: The English language is only a few hundred years old. It is largely made up of Saxon words, but with a considerable admixture of Latin words also. It takes words also from German, French, and almost every other language in greater or less degree.

EQUIVOCATION: Partial lying—more deadly often than utter falsehood. Giving to falsehood the appearance of truth.

IN THE ONE INSTANCE: The Bible. The word "Bible" is a Greek word (*biblios* or *biblion*) and means "book."

CANNOT BE MADE A PRESENT OF TO ANYBODY IN MOROCCO BINDING: Ruskin means that when we present "the Word of God" to anyone, we *can* only give them the paper, printing and morocco leather. Nothing more, except our good will in giving.

SOWN ON ANY WAYSIDE. . . . CHOKED—See St. Matthew xiii, 1—23.

18. "DAMNO": Lat. (from *damnum* "loss"), meaning "I cause or adjudge loss to." Our prefix, in "*con*-demn," really adds the sense of "thoroughly"; though ordinary usage regards "*con*-demn" as of lighter force than "damn."

*Karakplw*: i.e., *katakrino*, from *krino*—"I judge," the prefix *kata* adding the notion "unfavourably"—so—"condemn."

In the passages alluded to by Ruskin (*viz.*, St. Mark xvi, 16, Hebrews xi, 7, and St. John viii, 10-11), the Greek is in each case *karakplw*. In the English translation it is in the first case "damn," and in the others "condemn."

ECCLESIA—Greek: literally the "calling out" or general assembly of citizens in ancient Athens, for public deliberation—a term afterwards applied to the meeting of members of any local branch of the early Christian Church, and, later, to the Church in general.

PRIEST—a contraction of the Greek *presbuteros*, "an elder."

In Milton's lines on the "New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament," we find the poet (who was strongly opposed to Presbyterianism which was then triumphant even in England) saying: "New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large."



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19. MAX MÜLLER'S LECTURES.—"On the Science of Language."

20. The lines are quoted from Milton's "Lycidas," written on the death of his college friend, Edward King, who was preparing to take Holy Orders. He was drowned in crossing from Chester to Ireland. In the poem the clergy are represented as shepherds, some good, some bad. The name Lycidas is that of a shepherd, in the Ninth Eclogue of the Latin poet Virgil. "Lycidas" is one of the loveliest poems in the English language. Dr. Johnson in his criticism on it has proved conclusively his own very limited appreciation of the highest order of poetry.

THE PILOT OF THE GALILEAN LAKE.—S. Peter, who owned a fishing boat on the Lake (or Sea) of Galilee.

MITRED LOCKS.—a mitre is a bishop's cap. S. Peter became Bishop of Rome.

ENOW.—Enough.

WHAT RECKS IT THEM.—What do they care.

THEY ARE SPED.—They have succeeded well nevertheless.

LIST.—"Like" or "choose."

LEAN.—Without nourishment—unsatisfying.

FLASHY.—Having only outward show.

SONGS.—Discourses—sermons.

GRATE.—Sound harshly.

SCRANNEL.—Thin, meagre.

PIPES OF WRETCHED STRAW.—The Greek shepherds made a musical instrument out of straws. It was called the Pan-pipes, Pan being the god of the shepherds.

THE RANK MIST THEY DRAW.—"Draw" here means, "draw in" or "breathe."

GRIM WOLF.—Milton probably means by this the Church of Rome.

PRIVY.—Secret.

APACE.—Quickly.

THE POWER OF THE KEYS CLAIMED BY THE BISHOPS OF ROME.

## NOTES ON "SESAME AND LILIES."

—The Church of Rome attempts from S. Matthew xvi, 18, 19, to deduce the supremacy of the Popes or Bishops of Rome. S. Peter was Bishop of Rome. No such claim was allowed in Apostolic time. See (*e.g.*) Galatians ii, 11.

21. "LORD'S . . . FLOCK."—I S. Peter v, 3.

22. A BROKEN METAPHOR.—A broken or mixed metaphor is an impossible combination of two or more ideas. In this case the association of loss of sight with "mouths" is an impossible one. An historic mixture of metaphors was that of a member of parliament who gravely announced, "I smell a rat, I see it floating in the air, I am determined to nip it in the bud."

BISHOP.—Derived from the Greek word (*episcopos*) meaning "a person who sees," or more accurately "a person who oversees."

PASTOR—is from the Latin "*pasco*" "I feed."

THE HISTORY FROM CHILDHOOD OF EVERY LIVING SOUL IN HIS DIOCESE.—There are some three million souls in the London diocese, and several parishes of fifteen to twenty thousand souls and more. When will the laymen and laywomen of that diocese make it possible for the Church to have "bishops" such as S. Paul, Milton, and many more have desired? Compare Letter 13 in *Time and Tide*.

23. CRETINOUS—Idiotic. *Crétin* is the term applied to a race of deformed idiots in the Alpine districts.

BY WORD INSTEAD OF ACT.—There is a misprint here ("work instead of "word,") in some editions.

CLOUDS THESE WITHOUT WATER.—S. Jude 12.

24. DANTE . . . FOR ONCE THE LATTER ETC.—Ruskin considers Dante a greater poet than Milton. See (*e.g.*) the Lecture on "The Mystery of Life and its Arts," which forms a third Lecture in some editions of *Sesame and Lilies*.

Dante Alighieri, the greatest Italian poet, and one of the greatest of all poets, was born at Florence in 1265. Florence in his day was divided into two great factions—the Bianchi and the Neri. The former to which Dante attached himself was driven out, and

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the poet was banished and his property confiscated (1302). During his exile he wrote his great work, "La Divina Commedia,"—"The Divine Comedy." This consists of three parts, "L'Inferno" (Hell), "Il Purgatorio" (Purgatory), and "Il Paradiso" (Paradise). The poet depicts himself as conducted in a vision through Hell and Purgatory by the Latin poet Virgil, and through Paradise, first by his lady, Beatrice, and then by S. Bernard. Dante died in 1321.

It should be noted that in the name of the great poem—The Divine Comedy—the word "Comedy" is used according to Aristotle's definition of a comedy as a poem, which though it may begin in sadness, has a happy ending. The word does not carry here its modern meaning of "comic," in any sense. The translation by Cary in "Bohn's Library" is excellent.

HE SUPPOSES . . . . THE TWO KEYS.—See "Purgatorio." Canto ix. The gate of Purgatory is approached by three steps, confession, contrition, and satisfaction. By the gold key Dante perhaps means the priestly power (according to the Romish Church) of absolution. By the silver key he may mean the knowledge needed by the priest.

HAVE TAKEN AWAY, ETC.—S. Luke xi, 52.

HE THAT WATERETH, ETC.—Proverbs xi, 25.

THE ROCK-APOSTLE—S. Peter, whose name in Greek means "a rock." See the former allusion (§20) to S. Matthew xvi, 18, 19.

TAKE HIM AND BIND, ETC.—See S. Matthew xxii, 13.

25. FLOGGED OUT OF THE WAY.—Not fined five shillings at the cost to the community of twenty, and this for roguery, etc., which enables large profits to be made by the rogue.

TO MIX THE MUSIC . . . DOUBTS.—From Emerson's poem "To Rhea." In it he says that the best gifts of a god in love with a mortal being are that—

He mixes music with her thoughts  
And saddens her with heavenly doubts.

## NOTES ON "SESAME AND LILIES."

RICHARD III., AGAINST THE CHARACTER OF CRANMER.—That is, hypocrisy and mock humility (see Richard III., Act 3, sc. 7) against honesty of purpose and true humility (see Henry VIII., Act 5, sc. 1 and 2).

THE DESCRIPTION OF S. FRANCIS AND S. DOMINIC.—Dante (*Paradiso* Cantos 11 and 12) meets in paradise, S. Thomas Aquinas, the great Italian philosopher or "Schoolman," who died 1274. "The Angelic Doctor," as he is termed, gives Dante a description of S. Francis, the founder of the great order of Friars called by his name, the Franciscan. Dante also meets in Paradise, Cardinal Buonaventura (died 1274), who had been General of the Franciscan Order, and who gives Dante a description of S. Dominic, the founder of the other great order of Friars—the Dominicans ("dogs of the Lord," as Ruskin elsewhere calls them, following the literal meaning of the name "Dominic").

AGAINST THAT OF HIM WHO MADE VIRGIL WONDER TO GAZE UPON HIM.—The description, that is to say, given of S. Francis and S. Dominic compared with the description given (by Dante) of Caiaphas, the Jewish High Priest, before whom Our Lord was brought. See "*Inferno*" Canto, xxiii. Dante and Virgil are journeying through Hell and the former writes:

"I noticed then  
How Virgil gazed with wonder upon him  
Thus abjectly extended on the cross,  
In banishment eternal."

(Cary's translation) "abjectly"—for Caiaphas was so fastened to the cross that everyone who passed by, trampled on him.

"DISTESO, TANTO, VILMENTE, ETC."—Dante's actual words for what is translated—"Thus abjectly . . . eternal."

HIM WHOM DANTE STOOD BESIDE.—In another place in Hell, Dante is shown a man buried in the soil head-downwards and with the soles of his feet visible above. The soles of his feet are on fire always yet unconsumed.

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"COME 'L FRATE," ETC.—These are the actual words of Dante, and Cary translates them—

"There stood I like the friar that that doth shrive  
A wretch for murder doomed."

TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL POWERS.—State and Church in so far as they are opposed. The opposition was in early days sometimes very pronounced. The Church was in many countries the parent of the State. There was the Church as an organisation and as a method of order and of government, before the State was thought of. The Church *was* the State. This was emphatically so in our own country.

ARTICLES.—Definite statements.

26. "BREAK UP YOUR FALLOW GROUND, ETC."—Jeremiah iv, 3. Probably no writer has ever done more for his readers in this way than Ruskin.

27. This is one of the great passages of a great book.

PASSION is from the Latin "*patior*," I endure, or suffer, or experience.

SENSATION, sentiment, sense, sensible, are all from the Latin "*sentio*," "I feel."

28. MIMOSA or "the sensitive plant," which when touched curls up its leaves. Read Shelley's lines on "The Sensitive Plant."

29. "THE ANGELS DESIRE TO LOOK INTO."—I S. Peter i. 12.

JUNKETINGS—Private feastings.

NOBLE NATIONS MURDERED—A reference probably to the suppression by Russia of the Polish revolt in the very year in which this lecture was delivered.

30. ITS OWN CHILDREN MURDER EACH OTHER.—Referring to the Civil War between the Northern and Southern States of America, which began in 1861. England imported and still imports large quantities of cotton from the Southern States. This importation was interrupted when the Northern States were able to blockade the Southern ports, with the result that many of the Lancashire cotton workers were thrown out of employment.

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WITH A "BY YOUR LEAVE"—With nothing more than a polite excuse.

SELLING OPIUM AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH.—The trade in opium, which India carried on with China was very profitable to the former. The opposition of the Chinese was put down by the war which England prosecuted in 1840 and also in 1856. It is fair to say on the other hand, that the use of opium in tropical climates was shown by the recent Opium Commission to be at any rate nothing like as injurious as was generally supposed.

PARCHED OUT OF THEM.—The parching thirst of fever.

SIXPENCE A LIFE EXTRA PER WEEK.—Repairs and improvements in poor tenements are neglected in order that the landlord's profit may be "Sixpence a life extra per week."

CLODPATE OTHELLO.—A dull rustic, who like Othello, "being perplex'd in the extreme" has committed crime. See "Othello," Act 5, scene 2.

SENDING A MINISTER.—In allusion to the Russian suppression of the Poles already referred to.

A REVELATION WHICH ASSERTS THE LOVE OF MONEY TO BE THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.—I Tim. vi, 10.

31 THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—S. Luke x, 30-35.

SCORPION WHIPS.—See I Kings xii, 11, 14. The scorpion is allied to the spider and has a poisonous sting.

32. BEFORE THEY WOULD GIVE THE PRICE OF A LARGE TURBOT FOR IT.—People repeat perpetually to one another that Ruskin's books are "so expensive." Of books like *Modern Painters* in five volumes and with costly plates, that is true enough. All similar and copyright books are expensive. But Ruskin himself tell us that the essence of his teaching is contained in *Sesame and Lilies*, and *Unto this Last*. The former has *always* been able to be bought for five shillings and the latter for four! Books were never so cheap as now. Everybody can now read. Shakespeare wrote some thirty-six plays. How many persons per million have ever read twelve?

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MULTIPLIABLE BARLEY LOAVES.—S. John vi, 9. The great thoughts in great books are always fruitful and give large increase in the minds of the thoughtful readers.

33. RESOLVE ANOTHER NEBULA.—Make out the separate stars of which a nebula is composed.

NEGATION OF SUCH DISCOVERY.—Squires who have not found out how to employ themselves usefully, may be a discredit to us because if things were better ordered such squires would be rare.

A WHOLE KINGDOM OF UNKNOWN LIVING CREATURES BEING ANNOUNCED BY THAT FOSSIL.—The fossil alluded to is that of the Archæopteryx, a huge bird long ago extinct. It is of great interest and importance as supplying "a missing link" in the development of birds.

PROFESSOR OWEN: An English naturalist and osteologist of world-wide fame. From one or two slight bones or fossil remains his knowledge enabled him to reconstruct the entire skeleton of huge extinct creatures. He was superintendent of the natural History Department of the British Museum from 1856 to 1883 and died in 1893 at a great age at his house in Richmond Park.

34. LUDGATE APPRENTICES: *i.e.*, in old days. Ludgate Hill gets its name from Lud, a mythical King of Britain.

IN VENICE YOU SAW THE AUSTRIAN GUNS: Venice revolted against Austria (to which in 1814 she had been assigned) and was besieged and defeated in 1848. She is now, since 1866, included in Italy.

35. TELL'S CHAPEL: On Lake Lucerne—in memory of the Swiss patriot, William Tell.

BELLOWING FIRE: *e.g.*, Blast furnaces, factories, etc.

SOAPED POLES: In a lecture given at Oxford in 1884 Ruskin calls attention to the "total absence from the papers of the Alpine Club of the smallest expression of any human interest in anything they see in Switzerland, except the soaped poles they want to get to the top of." He means that they look upon Mont Blanc or



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the Matterhorn for instance not as glorious works of the Creator, but chiefly as a couple of mountains to be climbed up.

RED WITH CUTANEOUS ERUPTION OF CONCEIT.—Your conceit showing itself in your faces like an eruption of the skin.

VOLUBLE WITH CONVULSIVE HICCOUGH OF SELF-SATISFACTION.—So satisfied with your doings and so full of them, that your speech is hurried, jerky and disconnected as though you were taken with the hiccough. Compare "the snatches in his voice and burst of speaking" attributed by Shakespeare to his booby-prince Cloten, in *Cymbeline* iv. 2. 105.

CHAMOUNI.—One of the loveliest places in the Alps in full view of Mont Blanc. Ruskin often studied mountain forms and formation in this valley. In "Studies in Both Arts" there is a lovely drawing by him of the Alps from Chamouni. Read S. T. Coleridge's "Hymn to Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni."

36. THIS YEAR (1867).—The date printed 1867 should be 1864.

Note on §36: THIS ABBREVIATION.—viz., "the stones," an abbreviation "for having to break stones." The "certain passage which some of us remember" is in the Sermon on the Mount (S. Matt. vii, 9) "What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?"

PRINCESS METTERNICH.—One of the leaders of society in Paris at the time.

M. DROUYN DE LHUYS.—A French statesman.

*Chaîne diabolique*.—Devil's chain.

*Cancan d' enfer*.—Cancan of hell. This and the preceding refer to voluptuous dances.

(Morning service.—"Ere the fresh lawns . . . Morn.") This is Ruskin's sarcastic addition. This lewd dancing is their morning service. The words are quoted from Milton's *Lycidas*, who, however, wrote "high" and not "fresh."

37. INTRODUCTORY PECULATION WITH THE PUBLIC MONEY.—Ruskin means that some of those who are in receipt of large pen-

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sions from the public, have not been over scrupulous with the money of the public entrusted to them before they retired from office.

Second Note to §37.—THE BREAD OF AFFLICTION, ETC.—I Kings, xxii, 27.

"YE FAST FOR STRIFE," ETC.—Isaiah lviii, 1, 4 and 7.

"THE POWER OF THE PRESS . . . MAY INDEED BECOME," ETC.—It may. But as things stand and are likely to stand, such a happy result is certainly not probable. The "freedom of the press" is fast degenerating and in some cases has already degenerated into license, resembling in this respect various other kinds of much belauded "freedom."

SATANELLAS, ROBERTS, FAUSTS.—Operas. The music of *Satanella* is by Balfe, that of *Robert le Diable* by Meyerbeer, and that of *Faust* by Gounod. Satan figures largely in each of these operas.

"Dio."—Italian for "God."

THE PROPERTY MAN.—The man at a theatre whose business it is to look after the properties or things proper to, that is necessary for, the performance.

GIVE UP YOUR CARBURRETTED HYDROGEN GHOST.—There is a play on the words here, and the phrase means not only "abandon your ghost" but "give up the ghost" in the sense of die or expire. Carburretted hydrogen is a strong illuminant such as is used in the production of the illusion known as "Pepper's Ghost," which was a novelty in 1864.

LAZARUS AT THE DOORSTEP.—St. Luke xvi, 20.

38. VIAL—or phial; a small tube or bottle used in chemistry to contain small quantities of liquid, etc.

39. VIVIFYING.—Life-giving.

IDOLATROUS JEWS . . . DIG TO DETECT—Ezekiel viii, 7—12.

THE HUMAN NATURE OF US IMPERATIVELY REQUIRING AWE AND SORROW OF SOME KIND.—A pregnant sentence.

40. CHALMERS.—Dr. Thomas Chalmers (1780–1847), a great divine of the Church of Scotland and later on of the Free Church, 182

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of which he was practically the founder on the disruption of the Church of Scotland in 1843. This disruption has happily been healed within the last few months. Chalmers was remarkable as a preacher, a philosopher and a philanthropist. Of his preaching in London in 1817, William Wilberforce in his diary writes: "All the world wild about Dr. Chalmers. Canning, Huskisson, Lords Elgin, Harrowby, etc., present. I was surprised to see how greatly Canning was affected; at times he was quite melted into tears."

41. THE LAST OF OUR GREAT PAINTERS.—Turner, in defence of whose work Ruskin wrote *Modern Painters*.

KIRKBY LONSDALE.—A Westmoreland village.

INCANTATION.—Charm, or password. Ruskin means in this passage that we cannot read a great book unless our heart beats true to its writer, unless we are quick to respond to greatness and goodness when it is put before us.

HADES.—The Greek word means "unseen." In Greek mythology Hades is the God of the lower world and sometimes the lower world itself. In the New Testament (Authorised Version) the Greek word is translated "Hell." The word "Hell" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *helan* to cover or conceal. In some parts of England the farmers speak of "to hell a stack," meaning, "to thatch it," and thatchers are called "helliers."

"ART THOU ALSO . . . US."—Isaiah xiv, 10.

42. That old Scythian custom—See Herodotus—the great Greek historian—Book iv, Chapter 73. Herodotus died about 413 B.C., and his history of Greece forms with that written by Thucydides (died B.C., 401) our chief authority for the ancient history of Greece. Ruskin names "Herodotus" as one of the "Best Books"—see *St. George*, January, 1901.

Scythia in Herodotus corresponds roughly to the Southern part of what is now Russia.

THE ICE OF CAINA.—See Dante "Inferno," Canto xxxiv, where Dante represents those who have betrayed friends and benefactors as firmly embedded and frozen in a great lake of ice.

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LIVING PEACE.—The Greek quotation at the foot of the page is from Romans viii., 6: "To be spiritually minded (or 'the mind of the Spirit') is life and peace."

ELSEWHERE.—In *Munera Pulveris* This title is Latin, and means "Gifts of the Dust." The book treats of Political Economy, and especially of the right collection and distribution of wealth.

43. ACHILLES (pronounced Ak-kill-ease—3 syllables).—The greatest warrior of the Greek heroes at the siege of Troy. See Homer's *Iliad*, Bk. I., line 231. The works of Homer (the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*) are another of the "Best Books." There are many excellent translations, old and new. A famous one is by George Chapman (1557-1634), on which Keats wrote the exquisite sonnet entitled "On first looking into Chapman's Homer." Pope also translated Homer.

AND HATE RULING.—As Socrates knew (B.C. 469-399); for in Plato's "Republic," which represents the teaching of Socrates, the latter proposes to compel the wise under penalty to accept the office of governing their fellows. Readers of Carlyle will remember his constant insistence on getting the wise to govern the fools, if we are to be saved from chaos.

"IL GRAN RIFIUTO."—"The great refusal." See Dante's "Inferno," Canto 3. Dante on entering Hell recognised the shade of him

"who to base fear  
Yielding, abjured his high estate."

*i.e.*, who made "the great refusal."

This probably refers to the young man who was bidden by Christ to follow Him if he wished to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, but who, when he heard that, "went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions" (S. Matth. xix, 21, 22). This is the subject of one of Mr. G. F. Watts' remarkable pictures now in the Tate Gallery.

Some commentators, however, have thought that Dante is referring to Pope Celestine, who abdicated in 1294.

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44. CANTEL.—A slice. The language is that used by Hotspur, complaining that, in the division of the kingdom, the course of the Trent unfairly diminishes his share—

See, how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land,  
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.

(I Henry IV, iii, 1, 101.)

"Go . . . COMETH."—See S. Matthew viii, 9.

45 "DO AND TEACH."—S. Matthew v, 19.

A FOURTH KIND OF TREASURE.—Wisdom, Read Job xxviii, 12-19.

ATHENA'S SHUTTLE.—Athena (or Minerva) was the Goddess of Wisdom. She was skilled in the Arts, and when Arachne, a mortal woman of great skill in weaving and needlework, challenged Athena and was defeated, the goddess in anger changed her into a spider, whose web is a marvellous piece of weaving.

One of Ruskin's books, *The Queen of the Air*, deals with the various manifestations of Athena.

VULCANIAN.—Vulcan among the Roman (or Hephaestus among the Greeks) was the god of fire and a most marvellous worker in metal. He made the armour of the gods and heroes who fought at Troy.

DELPHIAN.—At Delphi, in Greece, was the most famous of the temples to Apollo the God of the Sun (as also of Music and Literature). It was here that the famous Delphic Oracle gave its utterances.

45. DEEP-PICTURED . . . THOUGHT.—In this paragraph, 45 connect the ideas as follows:—

(1) Moth-Kings . . . Broidered robe . . . deep-pictured tissue. . . Athena . . . Angel of Conduct.

(2) Rust Kings . . . helm and sword. . . impenetrable armour. . . Vulcan. . . Angel of Toil.

(3) Robber Kings . . . jewel and gold. . . potable gold. . . Apollo. . . Angel of Thought.

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DEEP-PICTURED TISSUE.—A fabric woven in the very substance of it with designs of profound meaning.

POTABLE GOLD.—Gold that may be drunk. In alchemy “potable gold” was the solution obtained by dissolving gold in nitrohydrochloric acid. This liquid was looked upon as the “elixir of life,” and was thought to prevent decay.

THE PATH WHICH NO FOWL KNOWETH, ETC.—Job xxviii, 7. In illusion to Wisdom. The vulture’s eye is noted for its keenness and range of vision.

47. THE ONLY BOOK . . . MINE.—*Unto this Last*, sec. 76, note. Compare the end of the preface to *Sesame and Lilies*.

AS AT PRESENT, FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—Referring to the ill-feeling between the two countries at the period when his book was written (1860, published separately 1862).

A REMARKABLY LIGHT CROP.—*i.e.* a worthless crop.

HALF THORNS AND HALF ASPEN LEAVES.—Thorns because of their sharpness and power to wound and give offence. Aspen leaves because of their constant trembling as if in terror.

50. BRITISH CONSTITUTION.—Our British form of government.

CORN LAWS REPEALED.—In 1846, when Sir Robert Peel was Prime Minister. Cobden and Bright played conspicuous parts in the matter. Till the Corn Laws were repealed there was a heavy duty on all corn.

Note to §30. CURRENCY.—System of money or exchange.

PSYCHICAL.—Relating to the soul.

AZURE-BLOODED.—*i.e.*, of the “blue blood” which is supposed to indicate high birth. The expression has arisen from the fact that those who live in ease have delicate skins, unthickened by manual labour and by exposure, and that therefore their veins are more clearly visible.

WEASELS.—Small carnivorous animals which suck the blood of their prey.

In connection with this Note on §30, the letter on the land-question in Ruskin’s *Time and Tide* should be read.

## THE RUSKIN UNION (NOTES).



AT a Council Meeting, held December 8th, 1900, Mr. R. Warwick Bond, M.A., was appointed Editor for the Ruskin Union portion of *St. George*. He desires that all literary contributions intended for this portion may be forwarded for his consideration to 10, Lunham Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.

The first Annual Meeting of the Union was held on February 8th, 1901, the anniversary of Ruskin's birth. The Report and Statement of Accounts (previously sent to all members) were passed, and the Council for the ensuing year elected. Mr. R. Warwick Bond then gave a lecture to a large audience on "Ruskin and Literature;" in the course of which he dealt with some strong verdicts passed by the master on great writers, some principles which Ruskin deduced from, or sought to lay down for, good writing, the manner of some of Ruskin's own work in the literary field, and his attitude to literature as a profession. Mr. J. A. Hobson occupied the chair.

Mr. Herbert Warren, of 32, Bedford Row, London, W.C., has been appointed Honorary Treasurer to the Union, and to him the subscription for the present year is now payable. Cheques, etc., should now be crossed "Lloyds' Bank."

The duties of Honorary Secretary are again undertaken by the Rev. J. B. Booth, M.A.—Address, Christ Church Vicarage, Mayfair, W.





